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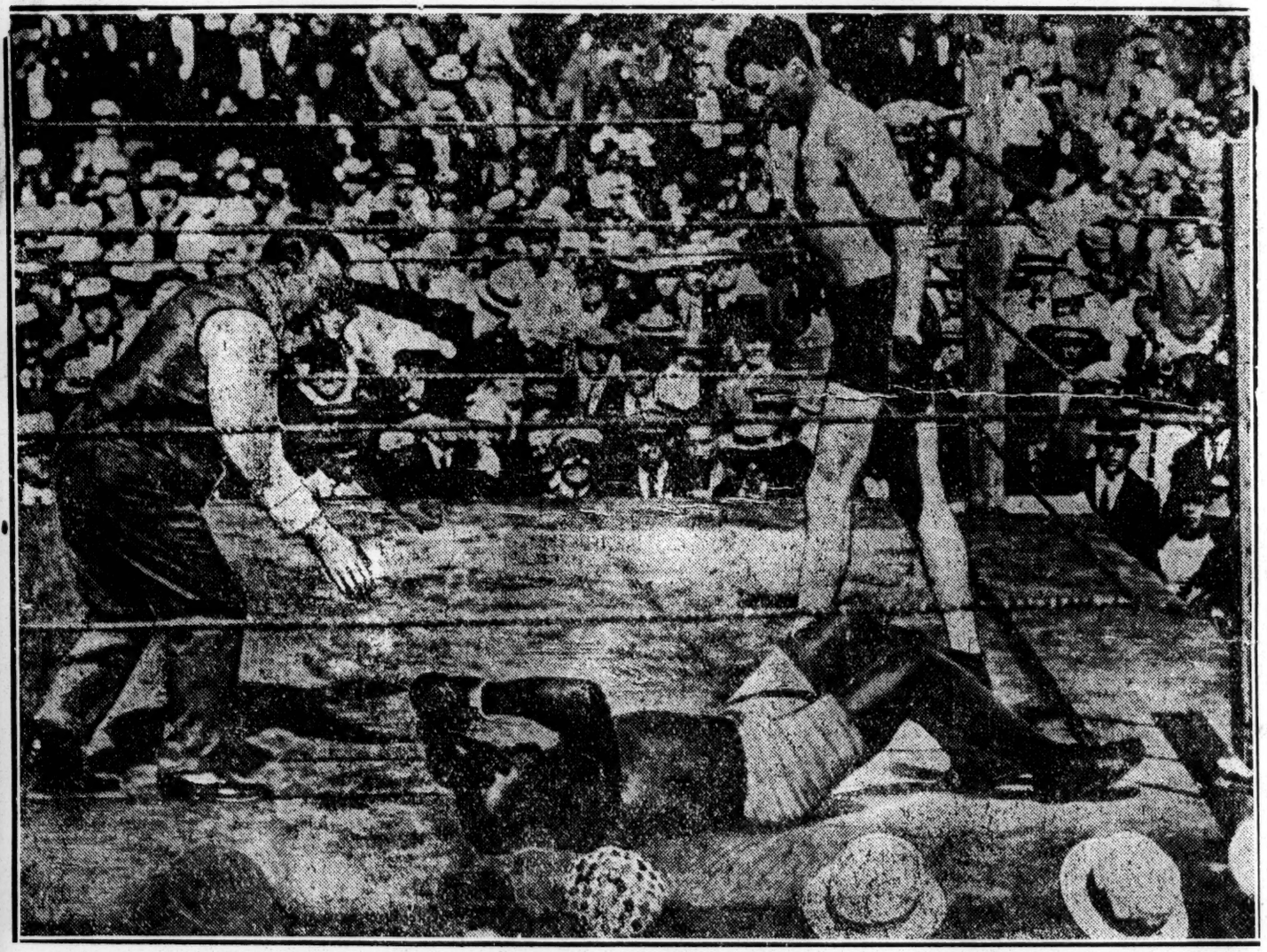
THE END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH ROUND.



The above is from the photo of Jack Johnson, when he fell in the corner where Willard rested between the rounds. It will be observed that he is holding his hands over his head to ward off any blows that might come. Then, seeing that there was no danger, he let his hands fall to his sides. His pose had been perfect for the purposes of the moving picture men, who regarded this part of the affair as the climax to the earning of a great fortune showing the moving pictures all over the world. It would be an appeal to the white man's vanity. That pose Jack Johnson won for him ($32,000) thirty-two thousand in cash and rights in the moving pictures valued at quarter of a million dollars. There are few white men who would not have laid down for that amount just as J Johnson did. Study the picture again, and then imagine that you see more than a quarter of a million dollars the dim distance. Jack Johnson was supreme in the pugilistic field, supreme in getting money as a result of t supremacy and supreme in angering both the white and the colored races in this country. We shall never gaze u his like again. Farewell, Jack Johnson!

JACK JOHNSON'S DEFEAT

The great battle which "Jack" Johnson lost at Havana on Monday must be conceded even in his defeat as a great victory won for his race in more respects than one. The thoughtful man, white or black, should not be surprised that Johnson at his advanced age should lose. No man can remain champion always. If Johnson had won it would have been the marvel of the ages, not logically to be expected. Jack Johnson, thirty-eight years old, fought Jess Willard, a giant ten years younger and six inches taller. This fight proves nothing more than that a bigger man and younger man will whip an older man and a smaller man. As we have contended continually since John L. Sullivan refused to fight his master, Peter Jackson, the black man is the greatest physical fighting machine the world has ever known. George Dixon, "Joe" Gans, "Joe" Walcott, "Dixie Kid" and Sam Langford, all world champions in their respective classes, have proven with Jack Johnson that the response between the black man's brawn and brain is quicker, that their relation in him is closer than is true in the case of the white man. They are nearer to nature, they are consequently better exponents of the scientific, manly art of self-defence.

Jack Johnson, world's champion, fought every "white hope" entitled to a fight. Jess Willard, the new champion, as a matter of decent sportsmanship, must grant an equal consideration to every contender, white or black. But Jack Johnson's manly struggle has a better and higher side. As always before, here he had temptations galore of "throwing" the fight, not only for the picture money, but as direct commercial treachery. In Australia he won his crown amidst fifteen thousand prejudiced, race-hating human hyenas. In California and Cuba he faced an equal number of enemies of his race. He has never quailed in the camp of the enemy. He has showed no white feather. He did not sell out. He won thereby a great moral victory for his race. For these two reasons, if for no other, his race the world over is greatly proud of Jack Johnson.

THE BAN ON BOXING

We are forced to confess the surprise and disappointment of the colored people of New York State in the attitude of the new Boxing Commission, under Chairman Wenck, on the question of the color line in boxing in this State. The colored people were assured without reservation that the minute Governor Whitman was elected rule number 34, which was adopted by the weak-kneed and prejudiced Boxing Commission which has just gone out of office, would be immediately rescinded. At this late day, however, those protesting to the Boxing Commission on the unjust and illegal provision barring colored men from boxing with white men in New York State are informed their complaints will be taken under advisement.

The colored people feel that their trust and confidence have been misplaced, that they have been misinformed, that they have been dealt with in bad faith. We again call this matter to your attention, Governor Whitman, as a blot upon the fair name of the Empire State. How much longer will you tolerate this flagrant insult thrown in the face of loyal and unoffending Amer citizens?

JAMES W. JOHNSON, CONTRIBUTING EDITOR.

THE PASSING OF JACK JOHNSON.

It is the old, old story of one fight too many. It is a demonstration of the old truth that in a contest of age with skill and experience against strength and endurance, youth, in the end, will

[illegible] it was a great fight. And, however much we [illegible] finer sensibilities, however much we [illegible]e force, still there is something in a [illegible] fearless fighter that stirs every man with [illegible] blood in his veins. Johnson fought a great fight. He showed no sign of the yellow streak, and it must be remembered, too, that it was the fight of one lone black man against the world. And he proved that he has not only been a great winner, but that he could also be a good loser. After the battle was over he was manly and sportsmanlike enough to say:

"It was a clean knockout and the best man won. It was not a matter of luck. I have no kick coming."

Johnson was the perfect athlete, the master boxer and always the square sportsman. Even those who hate him concede that no greater fighter ever put on a glove. Had it not been for certain bad personal breaks, he would have been the most popular idol pugilism ever had; for he possesses all the elements that make for popularity. Even so, it is hardly probable that Willard will ever become the world known figure that Johnson is. There is not, perhaps, a spot on the globe where Jack Johnson's name is not familiar; while it is doubtful that Willard's name will ever go beyond English speaking countries.

Johnson's bad personal breaks deprived him of the sympathy and approval of most of his own race; yet it must be admitted that with these breaks left out of the question, his record as a pugilist has been something of a racial asset. The white race, in spite of its vaunted civilization, pays more respect to the argument of force than any other race in the world. As soon as Japan showed that it could fight, it immediately gained the respect and admiration of the white race. Jack Johnson compelled some of this same sort of respect and admiration in an individual way.

One of the delusions fostered by the Anglo-Saxon is that white men are superior to those of "lesser breed" not only intellectually, but also in physical strength and stamina; that physical stamnia is a matter of mind, and the white man's mind being superior he can stand the gruelling grind that takes the heart out of other men. Before the Johnson-Jeffries fight, the papers were full of statements to the effect that the white man had the history of Hastings and Agincourt behind him, while the black man had nothing but the history of the jungle; that when the white man looked the black man in the eye, the black man would wilt. But the black man did not wilt. He not only looked the white man in the eye, but hit him in the eye. Johnson effectually punctured this old and pet delusion; and so we say his pugilistic record is something of a racial asset.

Frederick Douglass had a portrait of Peter Jackson hung on the [illegible] library, and he used to say that Peter was doing his [illegible] the race question. Were it not for the unfortunate "[illegible]ed to, Jack's niche would be greater than Peter's.

When Johnson licked Jeffries, most of the states passed laws prohibiting the exhibition of moving pictures of prize fights. Of course it would be degrading to the morals of the people to see a black man conquering a white one. (Some of this moral fervor expended against the "Birth of a Nation" would be very creditable) Now that a white man has licked Johnson, the law looks funny, doesn't it?

We notice that Willard will draw the color line.

He labels himself, by this, not as the greatest fighter in the world, but merely as the greatest white fighter. So, after all, Jack Johnson goes down as the last real champion, a fighter who was ready to match his strength and skill against all comers.

LAYING DOWN HIS CROWN.

Now that "Jack" Johnson has been detached from the heavyweight championship—or the heavyweight championship detached from "Jack," which?—we await with eager interest the attitude of those smug, know-it-all Caucasians, who have hitherto consecrated their lives to the drearily unsuccussful task of convincing us that it would be to the best interests of the colored race not longer to have one of its members holding the heavyweight championship and boldly lording it over the pugilistic world to the dismay of the self-ordained superior Caucasian and the consternation of numerous budding "White Hopes."

Now that the colored man has laid down his crown, what? Will our self-appointed advisers and patronizing psychologic Know-It-Alls come now to the front for our defense? Will they now live down the cowardice and the crying crime of silence? Will their consciences, relieved from the weight of a colored heavyweight King of Pugilism, bid them lift their voices in protest against the wrongs perpetrated on an otherwise unoffending race? Will they work to prevent further Monticellos? Will their influence be felt with that of those who demand a halt to the prejudice-creating, history-distorting lies of "The Birth of a Nation"? Will they now, relieved of the oppressive weight of "Jack" Johnson, take their stand among the best in the land in demanding justice for a race of Americans-Americans; black, but of native stock; black, but of native valor; black, but of native patriotism?

Like the "phantom of False Morning" is the hope of those who put their trust in these luke-warm hypocrites. That hope assuredly must die.

They have told us "Jack" Johnson has built up for himself an unsavory reputation. Yea. Much like the wise old fox on my lord's hunting ground, who, defying the tactics and tricks of master and hounds, has angered the hunters and built up for himself an unsavory reputation for cunning and ability to serve the strong desire for life. "Jack" Johnson has made himself partly unpopular with his own race because of his two-fold matrimonial ventures outside of his race. We figure this is where the white man has found the foundation for the unsavory reputation that was built around "Jack" Johnson by other hands than his own. Johnson bears no unsavory reputation among his race or among those, other than his race, who know the actual run of things. His unpopularity among us was no more than would come to any other man who had passed up the many varying shades and grades of beauty obtainable among colored womanhood to marry the doubtful characters of other races. But our resentment at his matrimonial ties was never at any time strong enough to create in us a wish or desire for the defeat of the man, who by his own individual achievements in the ring had put new life and backbone in the colored races from the China Wall to Niagara's Falls.

But now that "Jack" Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, is no more, what? Will the white race celebrate its "victory" with the birth of a new era of justice and freedom, or by the continued run of "The Birth of a Nation" and the prejudice and wrongs which that picture so prominently represents?

"THE WHITE RACE SAVED."

Under the above caption, the Globe Democrat editorially comments on the Jackson-Willard fight at Havana, in which one of the "White Hopes" saved the white race." We append the deliverance here, to show the editorial thought of one of the great American dailies, which while rejoicing in the redemption of the white race, through a brutal contest in a prize ring, incidentally throws a word of compliment to the champion in ebony with the golden smile. It says:

"The portion of our population that has taken a lively interest in the various individuals who have arisen from time to time to proclaim themselves the hope of the white race, only to go down in humiliation before the "Negro with the golden smile," has its reward at last. The white race has been "saved." Judging from the betting odds, the wishes of the white followers of pugilism were not supported by their judgment. The experts had but one hope to offer. Johnson was not as good as of yore. The champion wa stoo fat, he had not trained enough, his marvelous judgment of distances was failing, and he mas too old. He was 38, not enough to suggest sensility in ordinary callings but enough to influence the judgment of the betting fraternity. His opponent was ten years younger, nearly half a foot taller, had a longer reach, a punch with steam back of it and ability to stand gruelling punishment. He did not profess to rival the Negro in ring strategy or in boxing skill.

"The vast throng that witnessed the event was insignificant when compared with the multitudes that gathered before bulletin windows all over the United States. No national election returns, displayed at night, ever drew such crowds as the fight bulletins did in the daytime. Prize fights are outlawed in nearly every State in the Union and in many other civilized countries. The mere threat to hold one a few years ago in Texas caused the governor to announce that he would call a session of the Legislature to prevent it. In England railways have been forbidden to carry crowds to prize fights. But public interest is always high. In this case the race question cut some figure, but there is an atavistic trait in men that makes them interested in a fight, although they will cheerfully admit prize fighting is brutal and cordially support laws to suprress it. Willard's victory was partly due to the age and dissipation of his opponent. But the fact remains that he defeated one of the greatest fighters the world ever saw and he will reign as "king of the roped arena" for a season, until some other younger man, with less aemptations to loose living, wrests the title from him. Enemies of prize fighting regret the result, for the brutal game would have fallen into still greater disrepute if the Negro had successfully defended his title."

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JESS WILLARD'S COLLAPSE

There is something of a manly, square deal spirit way down deep in the heart of every true American. That spirit neither approves of color cowardice nor false Caucasian pretentions. There is a savor of rotten things in Denmark about the Jack Johnson-Jess Willard fight and the public is not satisfied. Jess Willard after the Havana fiasco, came northward throughout mob-ridden, race-hating Dixie as a conquering hero. In the hands of plug ugly, shallow pated, unscrupulous managers, ringing the changes at every stop on the color line, Jess became a national idol in the South for a minute. Once out of the Southern inferno, however, Sam McVey and other black men began to talk the truth about the fight. Jess Willard arrived in New York and less than 1,000 people went to his reception at St. Nicholas Rink. The boom bursted. Jess Willard's own managers then added further to the suspicion and skepticism of the public by proclaiming from the housetops he would fight only white men hereafter. Then the public sees Jess Willard at Hammerstein's. He falls with a dull, sickening thud. Without apparent brains or brawn, Hammerstein's has given him not only poor houses, but cold receptions. Now Jess has left New York for the West. His managers are looking for fights for Willard here this fall. Jess Willard as a world's champion is a joke. The world is only interested in knowing who is the champion fighter of the world, not the champion white fighter. The Willard bubble has collapsed, as all such silly "white hope" programs always have and always will.

SCHEDULE OF THE AMERICAN GIANTS.

March 3, 4, 5—At New Orleans, practice.
March 6, 7, 8, 9—At New Orleans, Rotarian's Specials.
March 10, 11, 12—At Gulfport, Miss.
March 13, 14, 15—At New Orleans, Colored ball club.
March 16, 17, 18—Enroute to Los Angeles.
March 19, 20—Los Angeles.
March 21, 22—At Fresno, Cal., Portland Pacific League Champions.
March 23, 24—Watsonville, Cal., Portland Champions.
March 25—Bakersfield, Cal., Portland Champions.
March 27, 28—Oakland, Cal., Portland Champions.
March 29—Visiting the Panama Fair, San Francisco.
March 30—Traveling.
March 31—Eugene, Ore., University of Oregon.
April 1—Portland, Ore., Portland Champions.
April 2, 3, 4—Seattle, Wash., Seattle ball club.
April 5, 6—Victoria, B. C., Victoria ball club.
April 7, 8—Vancouver, B. C., Vancouver ball club.
April 9, 10, 11—Seattle, Wash., Seattle ball club.
April 12, 13—Tacoma, Wash., Tacoma ball club.
April 14—Walla Walla, Wash., Walla Walla ball club.
April 15—Moscow, Idaho, Moscow ball club.
April 16—Lewiston, Idaho, Lewiston ball club.
April 17, 18—Spokane, Wash., Spokane ball club.
April 19—Helena, Montana, Helena ball club.
April 20—Butte, Montana, Butte ball club.
April 21, 22—Grand Forks, South Dakota.
April 23—Valley City, North Dakota.
April 24—Enroute to Chicago.
April 25—Opening game with White Sox Champions of the Lake Shore League.

HOWARD V. DREW TO RETIRE FOR A YEAR

Greatest Sprinter the World Ever Knew to Leave the Cinder Path for a Much-Needed Rest—May Not Compete in Exposition Games.

PULLED TENDON CAUSE.

Injury at Olympic Games and Again at Philadelphia Recently Hampers Star Holder of World's Record.

The great Howard Drew is to give up his track work for a year at least. This announcement comes from Los Angeles and is the cause of much surprise right now, as he was expected to take part in the intercollegiate games in the East and also to run at the San Francisco games this summer. Drew is conceded to be the fastest man that ever wore a spiked shoe, and to make it clearly understood he holds the world's record for the hundred-yard dash, covering the distance in 9⅗ seconds, and is joint holder of the 220-yard dash. He is also good in the broad jump, although he prefers the sprints. Drew also plays both football and baseball.

Drew made a record for himself while attending the Springfield high school, Springfield, Mass. His ability was at first doubted, but he soon showed that he was far from the average. He won from all competitors. Charles A. Price, now at Maine University, was then a student at the Powder Point school. Rice and Drew were entered in every interscholastic in New England, and Drew always won the hundred, Rice trailing him to the tape. Rice, however, would sometimes win in the 220.

But as years rolled on Drew went to the University of Southern California, where he has beaten everybody that has dared to compete against him. The pace, however, has been too fast for Rice. He is still in the game, but not so prominent.

Drew Hurt in Olympic Games.

Drew won his right to the olympic team at Cambridge when he defeated Ralph Craig, the crack sprinter from Michigan. Craig was decisively beaten, to the surprise of all, as Drew equaled the world's record for the 100-metre race that eventful day. He went with the team representing this country, but Dame Fortune played a part. He won his trial and semi-final, but pulled a tendon, which kept him from completing, and Craig took the event. Coming back to this country he finished at Springfield high school and went west. He broke the world's record, making the dash in 9⅗. It was disallowed at first, but finally, seeing that there was no loophole to get around it, the officials of the A. A. U. let his mark stand. Since then he has made it often.

Coast People Aid Him.

The people of California like him. He is every inch a gentleman, and the business men have seen fit to send him east twice to Philadelphia to represent the Southern California University. Each time he has under adverse weather conditions won the 100-yard dash. His retirement is a blow to the lovers of the cinder path, for he is not one of the greatest, but the greatest and fastest man at that distance. Recently at Philadelphia he injured himself again and the second time probably is his reason to rest up for some time to come. He is a law student and the best in his class.

THE DOWNFALL OF JOHNSON.

"Abash'd the devil stood,
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape how lovely."
—MILTON.

No one who will read impartially the reports of the championship fight at Havana last Monday will doubt but what Jack Johnson "laid down" or in the language of the mourning colored brother, "he sold out." In discussing this phase of the subject, the Associated Press representative says:

When the round closed Johnson sent word to his wife that he was all in. He told her to start for home. She was on the way out, and was passing the ring in the twenty-sixth round when a stinging left to the body and a cyclonic right to the jaw caused Johnson to crumple on the floor of the ring, where he lay, partly outside the ropes, until the referee counted ten and held up Willard's hand in token of his newly won laurels.

There is much discussion today among the followers of the fighting game as to whether Johnson was really knocked out.

In the sense of being smashed into unconsciousness, he certainly was not put out. The concensus of opinion is that Johnson knew there was no probability of his winning, so when knocked down he chose to take the count rather than rise and stand further punishment. A second or two after Jack Welsh, the referee, had counted ten, Johnson got up.

The following account too will be of special interest:

Johnson did not seem to be totally unconscious, recovering soon after his seconds gathered him up. He stood for a minute in the centre of the ring with a white towel wrapped around his black face, blinking his eyes at the sun and listening to the roar about him. Then he went to his corner.

Meanwhile Willard would have been lost in the great swarm in his corner, but for his great height. The big farmer grinned amiably while frenzied men reached for his hand.

Cuban soldiers had to pile into the ring with drawn sabers to rescue both of the fighters from the crush.

When Jack Curley went over to Johnson's corner to cut the gloves off his hands the negro looked up, smiled feebly and said:

"Let me keep these."

"How do you feel?" asked Curley.

"All right," said Johnson, "everything is all right—the best man won."

Later Johnson told Tom Flanagan that he was glad he had lost. He said:

"Now all my trouble will be over; they will let me alone."

Johnson knew he was gone sooner than anybody else. In the rest between the 21st and 22nd rounds, he sent for Harry Frazee and asked him to find Curley. Soon afterwards he told Flanagan he was getting weak and could not last much longer. "I want you to get my wife out of here," he said.

Flanagan told him to go a few more rounds and see how he felt.

Between the 25th and 26th Curley was found and Johnson repeated his request to him.

Curley went to the box occupied by Johnson's wife, back of Willard's corner, and told her what Jack had said. He offered to take her out and she agreed to go.

A correspondent in describing the 24th and 25th rounds, which were next to the last round in which the fight ended, says:

Willard is slowing up to a walk. Johnson kids him and asks him if he wouldn't like a sling for his arm.

Johnson jabbed Willard in the stomach with his left. In the clinch Johnson told the timekeeper to get ready with his counting arm. Johnson tapped Jess on the nose with a left and danced back smiling.

Johnson eased toward the centre and, blocking Willard's left, held him in a clinch. He yelled over to

his corner to Armstrong: "Bob, run over to the house and get them carpet slippers. Cutey Willard's feet are tired."

Willard paid no attention to the kidding, but drove a stiff right to the heart as Johnson bent over. He hooked the champion on the chin with a right, and Johnson swung back wildly.

Another report says that Jack Johnson was on the streets of Havana the next day, not showing a single sign of the encounter. He is quoted as having said:

"As heavyweight champion, I am through forever, for there isn't a chance of Willard giving me a fight.

Howe and Granger the Only Colored Athletes Entered in the Senior Sprints and the Indoor College Games at Madison Sq. Garden to Show Their Heels to Their White Opponents.

(By Starter.)

For the first time since its organiation in 1889 did the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of America hold an indoor meet. This meet was held last Saturday evening at Madison Square Garden. This is the first time since the days when the old Berkely Oval was the scene of intercollegiate races that there were so many college athletes centered in the same arena for competition in New York City. All of the noted colleges on this side of the Mississippi were represented. Their athletes, as usual, furnished very high-class performances.

Of the many great races run that evening there were two that stood out as the features, the 1,600-yard relay, four men team, each man to run a "1,000." Dartmouth College was the winner of this event, with Randolph Granger as their anchor man. Granger ran one of the most spectacular 1,000 yards ever ran by a college athlete indoors. Believe me, he certainly ran some "1,000."

Yale College's first three men led the Dartmouth team for that many relays. Yale's third man gained about 12 yards on Dartmouth's third man This put the Yale team in front by a comfortable margin. Then came the anchor relay. Granger, running for Dartmouth, set sail after the pride of Yale's distancers. Granger quickly gained the lost ground, trailed his man until the bell lap. Both Granger and Overton, from Yale, started their final sprint about the same time Granger using every ounce of strength that he could gather, forged into the lead. Straight and true did he travel Rounding the last turn the Yale runner made his last challenge, but the task was too great. Granger crossed the line with only two yards to spare, finishing one of the greatest and gamest "1,000" of his career. The time for 4,000 yards was 9 min. 22 2-5 sec. Granger had completely run himself out. He had to be helped to the dressing room, during which time he received a great ovation. Owing to his hard studies he found it impossible to put on a running shoe during the whole week before the games. This makes his hard and fast race more remarkable.

Forty minutes later, after Granger had recuperated and was rubbed, he was called again to run anchor for his college on the medley relay. This went another 1,000 yards. This time against "Ted" Meredith of Pennsylvania College. Dartmouth team gave Granger a lead of five yards. Granger had to make good use of his lead, because the Olympic record holder, for the 880 yards was close behind him. Meredith closed up the gap, however, and trailed Granger until the bell lap. Both runners started their final sprint. Meredith proved best. Granger felt the effects from his first hard "1,000." However, he hung close to Meredith, but could not gain an inch. The two runners crossed the line four yards apart, outdistanced the Michigan team by a quarter of a lap. Granger averaged about [illegible] in. 18 sec. for each of his 1,000 yards races. Some running?

Granger was the only colored athlete entered and to be sure he was easily one of the stars of the great meet.

I. T. Howe, of Colby College, was the only colored entry in the senior indoor championship last Thursday evening at the Garden. Hoke furnished the surprise of that evening when he defeated a selected field of senior sprinters in the 75-yard dash. Howe worked his way to the final, handily winning both his trial heats. Alvin T. Meyer, the Irish-American star, was picked by many to retain his title.

Howe, after running abreast with his field in the final heat, for 70 yards, forged in front just enough to earn the title of 75-yard senior indoor champion of America in near record time of 7 4-5 sec. Howard P Drew ran 7 3-5 sec. two years ago at the same championships.

Henry Binga Diamond, of Chicago University, who is called by sharps as a second John B. Taylor at the quarter mile, broke the 440-yard indoor record at a Chicago meet two weeks ago. On a 16-lap track Diamond ran 54 2-5 sec., breaking the record held by Ira Davenport, a former star quarter miler of Chicago University. Devenport, we will remember, finished third to Mere

[illegible] virtually broke up [illegible] pprize-fighting among the heavies in this country.

WILLARD EARNS BIG RING TITLE BY GAME BATTLE.

Giant Conqueror of Jack Johnson Should Prove Popular Champion.

(By Ray C. Pearson.)

After nearly seven years of domination by a member of the Negro race the sport of pugilism has once more come into its own and placed a white man on the world's heavyweight championship pedestal. The man who accepted the greatest opportunity that ever was offered any white fighter since the time of the memorable battle between John L. Sullivan and James J. Corbett at New Orleans on September 7, 1892, is Jess Willard, Kansas plainsman, who prefers the less dignified term of cowboy.

With Willard's victory in the ring inclosed by the race track at Havana, Cuba last Monday, there came the pugilistic demise of Jack Johnson, who all must concede was the greatest heavyweight of his color that ever wielded a padded mitt. In defeat no one can take away the credit that belongs to the black man, for as a ring man his accomplishments formed a record which will go down in the history of the sport as wonderful.

Johnson Only Negro Champion.

Johnson was the first Negro fighter ever to hold the world's championship, and to make his accomplishment more impressive he held the crown longer than any other titleholder since glove fighting came into vogue in the time of the famous John L. Sullivan. To be champion for nearly seven years even in these times of mediocre boxing material is some achievement. The honor of doing that belongs to Johnson alone.

Willard is deserving of all the praise that can be bestowed on him and there is no reason to doubt that he will get it, for not only has he made himself solid by removing from the arena a Negro, but in doing that he brought to an end the reign of a fighter who by conduct outside the ring made himself one of the most unpopular champions the world ever has known.

Barred From United States.

There is no use in going into details as to why Johnson was unpopular, now that he has passed out of the limelight of boxing, except to say he is "in bad" to such an extent with the government that he dare not set foot on United States soil for fear of serving a sentence in a federal penitentiary.

So we'll let it go with "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," as far as Jack Johnson is concerned.

Jess Willard as champion promises to be popular, although those who know the game unwillingly concede that he does not possess the class of many of the titleholders before him. He is a clean cut, clean living giant, who has gained his spurs mainly by the great strength within his mammoth frame. As a boxer he far from classed with the Negro he dethroned in Havana. He lacks the speed of Johnson, and as a ring general he could not for a moment be compared with such men as Bob Fitzsimmons or Jim Jeffries.

Willard a Game Fighter.

But this big cowboy has one thing that is essential, and especially so in view of his lack of the other qualities. He has a stout heart and gameness is his middle name. He showed his gameness to the satisfaction of everybody last Monday, for few men have taken a lacing like that meted out by Johnson for twenty-two rounds without withering into defeat. Willard learned for the first time in his life what real punishment in a battle is, but never once did he show anything that indicated a quitting streak. He overcame all that the Negro had to offer by strength and a strong right handed punch and demonstration once more that youth must be served.

Nearly all of the ring experts in the country had doped out the battle along the proper lines before it was fought. They said that if the fight was a long one Johnson would surely be the loser, and that prediction was fulfilled. They figured that Johnson would set a hot early pace and deliver a world of punishment to his giant opponent. If Willard proved game and strong enough to assimilate that punishment without falling his chances of turning the tide and winning would be greatly increased, for the Negro, long past his prime would be sure to slow up and weaken. For twenty-two rounds the cowboy gamely stood the gaff, then he started to come, for age had started to tell on Johnson and he slowed up.

Wins When Johnson Weakens.

The moment Johnson began to weaken was the signal for the white man to make his spurt, and that is just what Willard did. He tore loose at the fastest speed he could make after taking the lacing he had received, and from that twenty-second round on to the finish it was simply a matter of how long Johnson could survive.

There is an interesting feature in the method of attack employed by the new champion. He used only two punches throughout the entire fight and used them effectively, although the Negro by his cleverness made him miss with them often in the early rounds. Those punches were a straight left to the head and a right hand wallop to the heart.

While it is not known definitely just why Willard picked out this method of offense, it is pretty certain that a pair of Chicago friends were responsible for it. These friends are Harry Forbes, former bantam weight champion, and Kid Howard, who is conducting a boxing gymnasium. When Willard first landed in Chicago a few years ago, a crude, unknowing fighter, Forbes took an interest in him and spent a lot of time showing him the rudiments of the boxing game. Willard was an apt pupil and made good progress and Forbes predicted a great future for him.

On Sunday, the day before the battle which made Willard the world's champion, the cowboy received the following cablegram in his camp at Havana:

"Left to head and right to heart and best wishes."

The cablegram was signed Kid Howare and Harry Forbes.

DISMOND TO RUN AT FRISCO FAIR

Crack Sprinter Will Go to Coast Games with University of Chicago Relay Team—Will Also Run at Pittsburgh, July 10.

Binga Dismond, crack quarter miler of the Chicago university track team and the mainstay of the mile relay team, also point winner in the 220-yard dashes, will go to the 'Frisco fair to compete with his team mates. The Maroons will be entered in the national championships, the relay championships and maybe the intercollegiate championships. The athletic board of control has voted the money for the expenses of the trip. On the 3d of July Dismond will enter the tryouts at Marshall field and the following Saturday he will be in Pittsburgh at the A. A. U. invitation meet. July 17, one week later, he will be seen again at the Midway grounds, when he will enter the Central A. A. U. championships. This will probably be his hardest match, as Yale has entered a man named Orr and from the reports that come from the New Haven university this fellow is a hard customer, but we have to be shown. Today Binga will go with his mates to Hamilton Park, 79th and Loomis. Lee, another colored star, will go with the Maroon team. Dismond will run in the quarter and Lee will be in the broad jump.

THE CINDER PATH

By JOHN BRANSON.

In the New England Intercollegiate championships held last Saturday at Cambridge, Irving T. Howe, of Colby College, National 440-yd. and 220-yd champion, had an easy time winning the century and furlong dashes Howe's time, 7 seconds for the 100 yards, which equals the New England record, and 22 2-5 seconds for the 220 was exceptional considering the condition of the track which was soggy from a downpour of rain the previous night. After such creditable performances Howe's chances for a free trip to Frisco are indeed loseate. Were it not for a ruling which prohibits a first year man in college from competing in the Intercollegiates if he wins an A. A. U. championship, or places second or third in such an event, Howe would be a sure wager for first place in the short dashes on Franklin Field tomorrow.

The surprise of the New England meet was the finish of the half mile run which found Higgins, of Holy Cross, and Dempsey, of Maine, leading W. R. Granger to the tape. Granger, who runs for Dartmouth, won this event in easy fashion last year and was the favorite on Saturday. He seems to be living up to predictions made early in the season. This being his last and hardest year in college, he has not had the time to devote to training.

HOWE BREAKS RECORD

Irving T. Howe, the colored runner from Colby College covered himself with glory at the senior national indoor meet and track meet of the Amateur Athletic Union at Madison Square Garden, New York, Thursday night, when he ran the national champion, Alvin T. Myer, of the Irish American A. C., off his feet, and finished the 75 yard dash in 7 4-5 second, just six inches ahead of the former champion.

Just before this race Abel Kiviat the national mile champion, of the Irish American A. C. lost his crown to Dave Cladwell in the 1000 yard race and hardly had the applause for this victor died down when the colored boy ran his great race and came within one second of equalling the nation record now held jointly by O. Howard Drew, and Myer.

"Howe has as unattractive style, but is powerfully built and undoubtedly a better runner than Meyer", was the coment made by the New York World, on the ability of the colored lad.

Sports—1915

AN UNWRITTEN LAW.

(BY LESTER A. WALTON.)

THERE is an unwritten law against Negroes playing in the major baseball leagues, which appears more incongruous when one recalls that some colored players, such as Indians and Cubans, are not discriminated against on account of color. Then if the baseball magnates are not color prejudiced can it be that they have misgivings as to how Negro players would conduct themselves on and off the field if permitted to play in the big leagues? However, if this is their chief cause of concern and the stumbling block in the way of crack Negro players, big league managers should be reminded of the Ty Cobbs, Larry McLeans and others who have distinguished themselves by acts of ruffianism on and off the diamond.

The following dispatch from St. Louis, published in the *Evening Sun* of June 11, may be of interest:

St. Louis, Mo., June 11.—Larry McLean, the Giants' catcher who was suspended recently by Manager John J. McGraw for infraction of the training rules, assaulted Dick Kinsella, the club's scout, in front of the Giants' hotel here last night. McLean, it is alleged, struck Kinsella across the mouth with an iron bar. The blow was a glancing one and did little damage. Kinsella's injury consisted of merely a split lip, but his escape was a lucky one. The attack on Kinsella was the result of a disciplinary act in line with the major league policy of clean baseball and clean players, at any cost.

This morning the police were looking for McLean to arrest him on a serious charge. Kinsella says he will press the complaint, as the weapon with which McLean hit him was such as might have caused his death.

The motive of the assault is a mystery and McGraw is puzzled why McLean attacked Kinsella instead of himself. The incident happened in front of the Giants' hotel at 11 o'clock, and for a few minutes caused much commotion in the neighborhood. The hotel in which the Giants stop is one of the best in the city, and when McLean made the attack a number of women guests were sitting outside and witnessed it. Several of them screamed and rushed into the hotel to get out of the way of flying chairs while the fight was on.

Kinsella, only an hour or so before McLean put in an appearance, arrived in town from Chicago. Upon his arrival he went to the Giants' hotel registered and sought out McGraw. After he found him the two went outside, seated themselves in armchairs and indulged in a friendly chat. They were not sitting there very long when McLean appeared. Without any warning he walked up to where McGraw and Kinsella were sitting. They started to get up to avoid him, and as they did so McLean took the piece of pipe he had concealed under his coat and hauled off to hit Kinsella. A number of the players were sitting nearby and they jumped up when McLean let out a string of oaths. As McLean hauled off to deliver the blow somebody caught his arm. The result was the blow was deflected and glanced off Kinsella's mouth.

McGraw and Kinsella and some of the players tried to subdue McLean, but he wriggled out of their grasp. After he fought his way clear he grabbed a chair and threw it at Kinsella. It missed its mark, however. By this time one of the spectators ran up the street shouting "Police!" at the top of his voice. McLean must have heard it, for he dropped the chair he held raised in his hand and ran down the street with a crowd pursuing.

Near the Giants' hotel are several other hostelries, and windows immediately opened and heads popped out to see what had happened. By the time McLean got half way from the block he stopped running and jumped into an automobile. In it were several friends. A policeman appeared on the scene just as the machine pulled away. The policeman blew his whistle, but McLean and his cronies made good their escape.

McGraw says that he sees no reason why McLean assaulted Kinsella. He believes the catcher mistook Kinsella for him.

My, what a disgraceful affair! And this shameful scene was enacted at one of the first-class hotels of St. Louis with a number of women guests present. Of course, all the parties to the fracas were white, thereby permitting the introduction of mitigating circumstances. But had McLean been a colored player the incident at St. Louis last week would have brought about the disbarment of all Negroes from hotels in St. Louis (had a policy of accommodating Negroes existed) as well as in many other hostelries throughout the United States.

Just as the public likes colored shows and acts, so is it fond of colored baseball players, which fact is borne out by the loyal and consistent manner in which white fans patronize colored semi-professional clubs. And as for ungentlemanly conduct, when do we ever hear of members of the Lincoln Stars, Lincoln Giants, Royal Giants, St. Louis Giants or American Giants fighting and making themselves obnoxious as the Ty Cobbs and Larry McLeans of the big leagues?

Usually in the fall after the regular season, clubs composed of big leaguers play semi-professional colored baseball teams, and in the majority of instances the colored teams win out. The mixing of the races does not provoke racial conflicts and the best of feeling exists while these games are being played.

The question is therefore put up to big league magnates that if the Indian with his dark skin and the Cuban are permitted to play in the big league, and if there is not the least possibility of the records for ruffianism established by the Ty Cobbs and Larry McLeans being eclipsed, why not give the Negro player a chance?

BINGA DISMOND AND SOL BUTLER TRACK MEET STARS

Maroon Quarter-Miler Pilots Relay Team to Victory Saturday Night — Greatest Race Ever Seen in Chicago—Too Fast for C. A. A. Teams.

BUTLER IN RARE FORM.

Carries Rock Island Colors to the Front in Dash and Hurdles—Eckersall Did Not See Winners—Other News.

The Chicago Defender 6/12/15

By Frank A. Young.

Solomon Butler and Binga Dismond showed the track fans something Saturday night that will be long remembered in this burg. Sol took the 40-yard dash for prep schools and was allotted the 40-yard low hurdles after Ward of Chicago University had knocked down too many of the uprights.

His failure to qualify came as a little surprise on Friday night in the dash, but the handicappers were a little too severe and the fleet foot boy was unable to overcome the difference. However, he took his trial heats in the 40-yard dash prep school and both the low and high hurdles. Also won the semi-finals. But the surprise of the whole "shooting match" was H. Binga Dismond. Delaney, coach of the C. A. A., had three teams entered, the Chicago University one, and the I. A. C. one. Few expected the university team to be in the running. The track is twelve laps to the mile; each man had a quarter, and our Dismond on the last one. Breathed touched Dismond after one of the C. A. A. cracks had a two and a half yard lead but although a little nervous, he showed his knowledge of the game. Before anyone could realize what had happened, he had sprinted, cut down the lead, and taken it himself. Three times around he went; the pace was too fast for the others and he crossed the line winner, while the vast throng that filled the spacious armory yelled themselves hoarse, the college chaps leading as soon as Dismond took the lead. It was the prettiest race that has been seen here.

Eckersall Shows Narrowness.

Our friend, Walter Eckersall, of the Tribune, wrote up the games in Sunday morning's issue. Poor scribe this former Maroon athlete is. To think that one running for his own alma mater would be passed up and not mentioned simply because he is not white. How strange, too, that he can see to referee games and the like, yet couldn't see Dismond win. Well, he could hear the noise and might have asked what it was about. Bobby Marshall certainly put a crimp in him. Dismond is entered in the Northwestern games but as we go to press Wednesday, about the time the games are held, we will carry the result next issue. Dismond is without doubt the peer of the late John B. Taylor. But ler will enter Harvard in the fall but will be seen here four times—at the Northwestern indoor interscholastic, Northwestern interscholastic, and the Chicago University interscholastic. The last two he will be seen in the century dash, which he made in 9 4-5 last year. Again this summer he will be seen at the Grant Park games.

Lincoln Meet.

We wish to state that the proposed meet of the Lincoln Athletic club has been changed a little. The meet will not be held under the A. A. U. Again we feel able to say that we as a race can hold things without those of the other being starters, timers, etc. Therefore, it will be open to any and everyone. Mr. Hammond, physical director of the Y. M. C. A., will be starter. Messrs. Bishop and Simons will act as judges. The other officials will be named later. All entries must be in by the 15th of May. The sooner the better. A special junior relay will be run. Mr. Julius Avendorph will act as an official. Applications must be accompanied by 25 cents, the name of the club or association, and the events you intend to enter.

Basketball.

The Y. M. C. A. lightweight team defeated the Hull House Meteors in a sensational game last Thursday evening in a lightning game, 31 to 22. These youngsters showed remarkable form and much credit is due to Mr. Bishop, who has given his time to coaching this team. The Hull House heavies ran away with the senior team. They play to the opposite of the youngsters. Individual playing, lack of team work and lack of practice caused their defeat. Those who saw the game refused to applaud, and to keep from embarrassing the big fellows, we won't print the score.

FIGHT TALK.

(BY LESTER A. WALTON)

The New York Age 7/15/15

ALTHOUGH the daily press throughout the United States is working as zealously to make Jess Willard popular as it labored to make Jack Johnson unpopular, so now it has been difficult to manufacture genuine enthusiasm for the new heavyweight champion. The public seems to be curious enough to see Willard, but he is not greeted like the conquering hero you read about in novels, and he has not proved a strong box-office attraction. Hundreds have shown a desire to see Johnson's conqueror as long as such a rare privilege is enjoyed free of charge, but all of the exhibitions given by Willard have been financial failures. Even at Hammerstein's Victoria this week, where the champion is showing, no extra force is needed to look after the crowd on the inside. But probably all this is due to hard times.

There still seems to lurk in the minds of many the thought that Jack Johnson did not do his best to win in Havana and that the contest was a frame-up. Thousands of white citizens are as much of this opinion as many colored citizens. It is difficult for them to understand how Willard, practically a green, unscientific fighter, could whip Jack Johnson, a ring general with a world of experience, a master in the art of self-defense, and one who had never been made to overly exert himself in the prize ring.

No matter what the press has to say on the fight, the consensus of opinion among the colored residents of Harlem is that the fight was fixed for Willard to win. To them it is inconceivable that Johnson should lose to Willard in a fight strictly on the level. And what's more, after they go to Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre and watch the new champion in his stage exhibition they return to their homes more firmly entrenched than ever in the thought that the fight was staged for Willard to win.

What makes matters worse, Sam McVea, who was in the Johnson camp and gave a boxing exhibition with Johnson several days before the fight, has come out in a statement that the contest was fixed. Tuesday evening I met McVea at the Lafayette Theatre and I asked him if the Johnson-Willard battle was on the level. This was his laconic reply:

"It was cut and dried!"

W. B. ("Bat") Masterson, the New York *Morning Telegraph* fight expert, always fair and impartial, is inclined to discount McVea's charges, expressing himself in part as follows:

It seems to me that Sam McVea, the big Negro fighter, could be in a better business than circulating a report to the effect that the Havana fight between Johnson and Willard was a cooked-up affair in which Johnson merely played a part for the "movies." McVea is without one scintilla of evidence to support such a statement, and when he made it, which he surely did, it was not, I am sure, for the purpose of giving the public his honest opinion, but rather to detract if he could from Willard's victory.

Petty jealousy, in my opinion, is what prompted McVea to give out the interview that the fight was a frameup. * * * McVea might, of course, like many others who were there, have been greviously disappointed in the champion's performance; likewise in Willard's ability; but that McVea saw or heard anything to justify him in circulating a report that the fight was not on the level is not to be thought of for a moment. Nor do we believe McVea is the right man to criticise or question the honesty of a battle.

Willard will not be seen in the prize ring for many months, if the plans of his managers are carried out. The champion is a poor man and before he takes chances of losing the title he intends to make some money. Not many are inclined to blame Willard and his managers for taking this stand, especially in view of the fact that there are a number of pugilists looked upon by some as Willard's superiors—Sam Langford and Sam McVea in particular.

It must be admitted that the stand taken by Willard and his managers does not make him bigger or more of a champion in the eyes of the public, as it suggests a lack of confidence the champion and his advisers have in his ability to retain the championship. Willard could make more money in the prize ring than in appearing on the stage. He is now the world's champion heavyweight and can arrange matches that should accrue to his financial benefit. He is in a position to dictate terms, and if really of championship calibre can win large purses and win big money on wagers.

Before fighting any of the white aspirants for the heavyweight title it is said that Willard is to advise them to go and get a reputation for themselves. Rather an inconsistent stand for the new champion to take in view of his rapid rise. Over in Paris devotees of the manly art do not consider Willard champion, practically on the grounds that the Kansan should have first made a reputation for himself by fighting Langford.

A dispatch from Paris gives the following information:

The Temps declares that Jess Willard does not become champion by defeating Jack Johnson. Previous to the war the International Boxing Union decided that the championship rested between Johnson and Sam Langford who were to have fought last November.

Langford therefore retains the right to meet the winner of the Willard-Johnson fight, according to the decision of the boxing union.

Instead of taking a long vacation it would serve Willard in good stead to get busy and arrange a few bouts to show that he is the goods, even if he has to judiciously pick "soft ones" as opponents; for his right to possess the heavyweight title seems to be questioned from many quarters, and the only way to win over those in the "Doubting Thomas" category will be to prove that he is the real thing.

SOL BUTLER WINS FROM EIGHTEEN HIGH SCHOOLS

The Chicago Daily Tribune

Lone Athlete From Rock Island High School Takes Northwestern Meet by Himself—Equals World's Record Four Times—Totals Twenty Points.

FEAT STARTLES WORLD.

Boy Who Put Hutchinson, Kan., on Map Is Track Wonder—Blueitt Gets Three Places in Trials, Hughes One, Burdett One.

Sol Butler took upon himself to win the northwestern interscholastic at the Patten "gym" last Saturday night, and he did. The band played and the thousands cheered who thronged the hall while Sol posed for a picture. Incidentally, on Friday Solomon (that's his right name) equaled the world's record in the 60-yard dash, and on Saturday night in the finals he again equaled the world's record in the 60-yard dash. Not being satisfied with that, he equaled the world's record again in the 60-yard high hurdles. In the semi-final of the 60-yard dash he made record time, thus bringing his total up to three times on Saturday (three in the dashes), and once on Friday, making four times in all.

Breaks Own Record in Jump.

Butler broke the broad jump record by leaping 21 feet 11 inches, against his mark last year of 20 feet 8½ inches. He heaved the shot 45 feet, getting first place. Butler put Hutchinson, Kan., on the map last year, but this year when his coach went to Rock Island Butler, having one more year in high, went along with him. Clark, another colored youth from Rock Island, qualified in the dash Friday night, but lost out in the semi-finals on Saturday. Blueitt, wearing the colors of Lane high, qualified in the 880-yard run, the shot-put (37 feet to qualify), and the broad jump (17 feet to qualify), but failed to place Saturday. Hughes of Wendell Phillips placed in the junior 60-yard dash, but also failed Saturday night in the final. Burdett tied with ten others for first place for high jump Saturday. Butler defeated eighteen high schools that had sent their best to this annual affair. Something like 200 athletes took part in the carnival, and this wonderful lone athlete came out winner. Butler intends to return for the northwestern outdoor interscholastic and also for the Chicago outdoor interscholastic, the Grant Park games, and may be sent to the fair. His intentions are to enter Harvard in the fall.

Summaries (only events where they qualified are given):

Friday Night.

Shot-put (37 feet to qualify)—Brockway, West Aurora high; Jackson and Berg, Evanston academy; Geutles, Hyde Park; Duffey, Loyola academy; E. Royal, Oak Park; Gorecki, Harrison; Blueitt, Lane; Rump, Champaign high; Lemanger, Grand Rapids High; Gilfillan, Joliet high; Tweedle, Oak Park; Cutler, Princeville (Ill.) high; Butler, Rock Island academy; Graham, University high.

Broad jump (17 feet to qualify)—Miller, Cabery (Ill.) high; Hawkins, Culver (Ill.) high; Smart, Sweet and Ley, La Grange; Sniff, Princeville high; Clark and Butler, Rock Island academy; Tiffany, University high; Pertz, Crane; Cram, Evanston academy; Gilfillan, Joliet high; Colley, Lewis institute; E. Royal, Oak Park; Landers, Oregon high; Burdett, Wendell Phillips; Graham, University high; Gorecki, Harrison Tech; Blueitt, Lane.

High jump (5 feet 2 inches to qualify)—Carney, Evanston high; Boyle and Shepard, Hyde Park; Gilfillan, Joliet high; Smart and Fey, La Grange; Seibert, Lewis institute; Sullivan, University high; Rantz, Champaign high; Saylor, Evanston academy; Burdett, Wendell Phillips; Moore, Lane.

Sixty-yard high hurdles—Second heat: Won by Butler, Rock Island academy; Boyle, Hyde Park, second; Landers, Oregon, third. Time, :08⅘.

Junior 60-yard dash—Third heat: Won by Balkin, Proviso high; Hughes, Wendell Phillips, second. Time, :06⅘.

Senior 60-yard dash—First heat: Won by Butler, Rock Island academy; Patton, Englewood, second. Time, :06⅘—equals world's record. Third heat: Won by Brown, Culver high; Clark, Rock Island academy, second. Time, :06⅘.

Finals Saturday Night.

Sixty-yard high hurdles—Second semi-final: Won by Wallace, Oak Park; Butler, Rock Island, second. Time, :08. Final: Won by Butler, Rock Island; Smart, La Grange, second; Hardy, Oak Park, third; Wallace, Oak Park, fourth (disqualified). Time, :08—equals world's record.

Shot-put—Won by Butler, Rock Island; Rump, Champaign, second; Lemenager, Grand Prairie seminary, third; Cutler, Princeville, fourth. Distance, 45 feet.

Running high jump—Smart and Fey, La Grange; Carney, Evanston high; Seibert, Lewis; Sullivan, University high; Rantz, Champaign; Sheppard, Hyde Park; Burdett, Wendell Phillips; Moore, Lane, and Gilfillan, Joliet, tied for first. Height, 5 feet 6 inches.

Running broad jump—Won by Butler, Rock Island; Hawkins, Culver, second; Graham, University high, third; Miller, Crane, fourth. Distance, 21 feet 11 inches.

First heat, senior semi-finals, 60-yard dash—Won by Butler, Rock Island; Tweedle, Oak Park, second; Zoellin, Lewis, third. Time, :06⅘—equals world's record. Final—Won by Butler, Rock Island; Zoellin, Lewis, second; Hawkins, Culver, third; Tweedle, Oak Park, fourth. Time, :06⅘—equals world's record.

HARRY MARTIN TO RACE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

(By Francis in The Evening Mail.)

The colored race produces more and more good athletes. The late J. B. Taylor and the sensational sprinter Howard P. Drew are only two of many examples. The latest phenom to come to the front is Harry M. Martin, the twenty-year-old schoolboy, who for the last two years and a half has sported the colors of the Smart Set A. C. of Brooklyn.

Martin gave undisputed evidence that he is a timber-topper of much credit when he captured the 120-yard high hurdles at the eastern tryouts and finished third in the 220 low on the same day. The selection committee was unanimous picking the Negro to measure strides over the high and low sticks with Fred Kelly, Olympic champion, and Simpson, Western Intercollegiate champion, and Joe Loomis of Chicago.

This is stiff company for the colored boy. Simpson is credited with hurdling over the 120 high in 15 1-5 seconds, and the 220 low 1-5 of a second behind the world's record. If what we have heard about Simpson is true, he will come mighty near forcing Kelly to the limit to win. Martin says he can beat the trio.

Loomis is a hurdler of no mean ability. After winning two dashes at the champs last year, the tango artist came right back on the same afternoon and captured the 220 low in 24 4-5 seconds. He will give Kelly, Simpson and Martin a hard fight for the big honors.

The Smart Sets largest point winner came to the front for further orders last year. He has won and been placed in most of the events he has competed in. He makes hurdling his specialty, but he can run fast hundreds and quarters against the best in the business.

Martin startled New York athletic experts on the occasion of the junior "mets" at Travers Island in the spring of 1914. He won the 220-yard low after having run a 10 2-5 seconds semi-final heat in the "century." Had Martin been forced to extend himself in the hurdle event he could have handily established a new junior mark, as he greatly outclassed his rivals.

A few months later Martin threw another bombshell into the ranks of aspirant hurdlers by capturing the 120-yard high senior "mets." He finished second in the low hurdles. At the national juniors at Baltimore last September Martin won the low and got third in the 440-yard special to Billy Meannix. At the small clubs' meet at Washington Park, Brooklyn, he won the 120 high, as well as the low events. Martin got third in the senior "mets" high at Celtic Park. He was not in old-time form.

Martin pulled a swell comeback at the tryouts, winning the high and getting third in the low. Martin was clocked in the high in 16 seconds flat.

In addition to the above record, Martin has placed in any number of events from 100 yards to the quarter, and ran as anchor man on the Smart Set A. C. one-mile relay team, which has competed so successfully during the past year.

Martin's Record.

At New Brunswick, N. J., last July, when the New York A. C. 1,200-yard relay team set up the new record, it was Martin who forced Val Wilkie to extend himself to the limit to beat him by the closest kind of a margin.

Prior to establishing his residence in the East in 1912, Martin lived in Cincinnati, graduating from the Woodward High School of that city, and he left behind him some brilliant performances to his credit.

Martin has had very little training as a hurdler, simply displaying natural ability. Martin will graduate from Howard University, Washington, next year, and will take a post-graduate course at Columbia.

The recent performances of the colored athletes of the metropolitan district of the A. A. U. which have attracted widespread attention, is the direct result of the activities of the Smart Set A. C.'s officials to interest and encourage the colored youths of the city to participate in amateur sport.

Sports—1915

CUBANS THINK CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH WAS SHOW FOR MOVIES, NOT REAL BATTLE FOR TITLE

Queer Conditions Surrounding Willard-Johnson Millin Havanna and Knockout Leave Indelible Doubt in Minds of Majority in Attendance; Johnson Gloats Over Financial Victory.

The Havana Evening Telegram 7/15/15

While the American sport public is priding itself in the fact that the world's heavyweight championship has returned to the white race and for the present at least Jack Johnson has been eliminated from the pugilistic stage, there appears to be left a certain doubt as to how it all came about and whether or not the big "spade" took the fatal "dive" for the "movies."

It is a fact that ninety per cent of the Americans who attended the fight left with a shade of doubt in their minds as to the real ending of the twenty-six-round burlesque and that very few Cubans feel that the affair was a real battle. From the following, an extract in a Cuban publication in Havanna which has graphically depicted the show of Curley, can be gained the impression left with the Cuban public as to the nature of the fight:

"By the far away 'confines of the perhaps'—the sun was dying and the 'black astre' was falling very badly hurt in the ring. This has been a tragedy, one thousand voices assured, but other thousands murmur that all was but a comedy."—La Tropica Comica.

Fought Movie Battle

In telling of the Havanna fight between Willard and Johnson, in which all of the glory goes to Willard as the champion heavyweight of the world, American newspaper men have gallantly fought any possible attempt on the part of sceptical people to promote the feeling that Johnson fought a moving picture show for money instead of fighting a championship battle as advertised. Their pride as Americans and members of the white race have stood in the way of weighing the truth in the balance and they have been content to let well enough alone in order that Willard may be regarded as the real champion. This, no doubt is a noble motive in some respects, but when we have seen a Negro gloating over his earnings at the expense of the public after having sold his title for at least a quarter of a million of dollars that more than that sum may be reaped by the promoters, it makes one wonder what is wrong with the sport critic who has witnessed the affair and is content to allow the public to be fooled.

Watched Men Train

It happened to be my luck to be in Havana for six weeks before the Willard and Johnson fight at Oriental Park race track on April 5th last, in the capacity of press agent for the Havana fight stadium. I was in Havana before it had been decided to hold the championship battle in Cuba. I watched the development in detail and personally met every man connected with the affair. I watched both Willard and Johnson train daily at the Miramar gardens and at the stadium. I was aware of the conditions of the two men. Johnson was not preparing for a championship match but stalling for a great admission at the statium by going through exhibition stunts with his sparring partners, Colin Bell, "Steamboat Bill" Scott, Bob Armstrong and Dave Mills. Johnson knew what he was about and that all that was necessary was to prove his superiority over Willard at the boxing game and take the fatal "dive" at an opportune time and allow the championship to pass for the biggest sum possible. In every round of the fight he demonstrated to the public that he is far ahead of the cowboy in the skill of the ring. At times he forced the fighting enough to bewilder the big Westerner and then he would relax and rest in his arms. In the last three rounds of the fight Johnson did not exert himself enough to tire a child. It appears as if he was feigning weakness to make the end look good.

"Two days after the battle Johnson told me that he was in no way fatigued, and that at the end of the twenty-sixth round he was nearly as fresh as when he started. He stated that no boxer in the ring to-day could injure him in his stomach, for they could not hit it effectively. He demonstrated this fact in the twentieth round. I asked him about the knockout, and he smilingly stated that he was always considered a good business man and had already been offered $220,000 for his 50 per cent interest in the pictures. Johnson did not exert himself enough in the final ten rounds of the fight to weaken a consumptive school teacher. He opened wide at the finish and allowed Willard to rush him to the corner of the ring.

Two misspent stabs to the stomach and a right to the chin which had been partially stopped by his own mitt, allowing him to go to the floor. He leaned toward Willard, turned, sat down and stretched out, his knees in the air and his hand over his face to shield his eyes from the hot sun. The knockout did not look real to the man acquainted with the boxing game. Johnson was not unconscious nor did he show any signs of suffering. He awaited the count of ten, paused, then got up with the aid of his assistants. He smiled, thanked the spectators for their kind appreciation and closed the show.

Feigning Weakness

It was noticed also after the twentieth round that certain interested people were getting nervous as to the outcome, but Johnson, to relieve the feeling of a few, sent word to Jack Curley, who had left the ringside, that he was growing weak and could not last much longer. Has this ever happened during a bout before? In the opinion of many, this meant instead of the S. O. S. of distress that the show had proven a success from a picture standpoint and that the climax, in favor of the white race, was to come off as soon as the opportunity presented itself.

Johnson is known to have stated to one of his best friends and a man who was in his corner, that he could not trust him as to the outcome before the fight. He told this same person, whose name will be withheld, that he had given him enough inside "stuff" in London, nine months ago, to set him right and that he was afraid that something might change the program, should the fact become known.

The solution of the whole thing is quite easy, in my opinion. The right inducement was there to make Johnson sell. He had a purse of $30,000 in his hand and the prospect of a large fortune if the performance was a success. It was the highest price the title could ever be worth. Curley did not frame the Negro to lay down but his inducement was so great that the Negro could not overlook the dough bag. Johnson told me in Havana that he was absolutely tired of being champion of the world. He stated that the novelty had all worn off and that he had not had a moment's rest while holding the crown. "I am tired of it all," he stated and have wanted to retire for months. I will now go back to my farm near Paris, where I will live in quiet, enjoying the money I have collected. I am independently rich. Curley has been my good friend, and I am glad that he has an interest in the championship which should reward him handsomely.

Willard Was Sincere

"I am of the opinion that Willard was sincere in his conviction that Johnson was fighting his best throughout the battle and knew nothing of what the Negro was planning round by round. I must say, though, that Willard himself appeared to be the most surprised man in the entire audience when Johnson settled to the floor."

The affair has, without doubt, put an end to prize fighting in Cuba, a place which had been selected as the happy hunting grounds for American sports and pugs.—G. W. Krick in the Jacksonville (Fla.) Metropolis.

THE FIGHT THAT FAILED.

Champ. Jack Bows to His Conqueror and Successor—Interesting Observations as They Concern the New Champion.

(By Billy Lewis.)

The Havana Evening Telegram 7/15/15

The fight that failed, that is, from the colored people's viewpoint, has been the uppermost topic of conversation in the country for the last few days. No similar event of modern times has called forth such publicity. Why this is true is a very long story if told in detail, and yet brief enough when summing it all up. No man of modern times, no matter what sphere he moved in, has had on him so persistently the spot light as Jack Johnson. It is doubtful if there has been a single day since his victory over Jeffries in 1910 but what his name has appeared in an article of comment or mention in some newspaper; no day but what he has been the topic of discussion among groups of men somewhere. It sounds exaggerated to say he was the most spectacular figure of latter days, yet it is true. The race question was injected. And as buoyant, jubilant and at the same time stoical as he was, he felt the prod of sentiment that opposed him.

* * *

It is said that the ex-champ, after the fight at Havana said, "I guess they will leave me alone now." How like another individual of some two centuries ago does that sound. Perhaps he did not say it. More than likely he did say it. It was quite the natural thing to say. If he did not say it, then some one, nevertheless, has struck off his soul. Thoughtful, feeling, considerate persons can easily imagine that he said, "I guess they'll leave me alone." To give up, to be defeated was a relief.

In spite of Johnson's jovial, genial, I-don't-care nature he has winced "many a time and oft," owing to the fell circumstances, even if it did not cry aloud. One would think that he has fainted 'neath his cross more than once—his burden, and which was so plain that in the last days of his "passion" as it were, white men writers surrendered their prejudice in a way and conceded that Johnson was a brutally hounded man. Those who have not kept up with this phase of his history will see something of this in what follows. One writer says:

"The black man has never been guilty of molesting anyone in America and his famous trial in Chicago was a farce. He was convicted on the evidence of a woman whom he befriended and who afterwards acknowledged she had been paid for her evidence."

Then again:

"Jackson came down to the wharf to see us off, and the big black presented a sad picture. He shook hands silently all around, and when Willard came down from an upper deck and grabbed both his hands, Jack choked up, and was on the verge of tears.

"'I'm the only one that can't go back,' he said and then he broke down, and turning, left the boat. He returned in a few minutes, and calling to Willard, said:

"'When you come to Europe, look me up.'"

From a woman writer:

"So when Jack Johnson entered the ring at Miramar yesterday, confident and assertive, I turned to the ringside boxes and saw the white girl who had bound up her life with that of the black—exiled by her own family, by her friends and by her country.

"She is a pretty girl, perhaps a little swagger because of the boulevards of Paris and the avenues of Buenos Aires, but nevertheless she is a woman with the feelings of a woman. And in her life's crisis her own sex must reach out the hand of understanding to her.

I hold no brief for her actions in the past. I am only telling of her looks as her partner in life went into the conflict that was to change him from champion of the world to one of the heroes of the past.

Every turn in the battle was followed by this twenty-two-year-old girl from the west. She wore the same smile that spread over the face of Johnson. Both took the battle as a jest. To them it was only another misguided white man added to the record of Jack."

One, we will think, should be interested and touched by the above. Here is demonstration of the fact that scorn and contempt had given away to pity and praise—the blending of the two, making for that fine moderation which so well becomes the subject. For after all she is a woman who feels to have placed her affections to where they belonged rather than where men should dictate. Mrs. Jack Johnson deserves more than passing notice. She is the nearest new Desdemona that the world has known. If she were indifferent in the beginning of their career as one, she grew more human as time advanced and, as the thorns of persecution pressed him sore. Her sovereignty of womanhood asserted itself—she carved for themselves and empire which the praises of men could not widen, nor could their condemnation make less.

Mrs. Johnson, white, was truer to her husband in his aims and ambitions than many of his own race. Many have cursed and raved, and still do so because Johnson dared to marry a white woman. I do not endorse him, but I shall not fight him. When he can not exercise his own judgment in matters where the individual judgment should rule, then he is no man—just a thing. Many who fought Johnson on the marriage score expect mixed schools, mixed theaters, mixed hotels, they expect no segregation and the rest of it. These are convicted out of their own mouths. I would advise staying on our own side as things are

properly considered—simply as a matter of epediency, friction is avoided. As a man, and a citizen, I claim every right. If I do not get them it is simply because I am not strong enough to take them.

"And in her life crisis her own sex must reach out the hand of understanding to her." How divine! and yet some of our own race would cast a stone. She has my sympathy, if it counts for anything. She has it like the unfortunate woman before her had it. The world was inclined to scoff when her life went out: those about her seemed to see something monstrous and curious because of her relationship. It should have taught Mr. Johnson a lesson. Not that he should have shut up against the choice of his heart, but he should have feared that a spectacle would have been made of another woman—another wife. He should have preferred none, if it meant abuse on his account.

* * *

The colored people's faith in Johnson's ability was sublime, although many did not care for hihm personally owing to his conduct. But they wished the title of champion heavyweight to remain with the race. And it must be admitted that Johnson did cut up in the days of his greatest glory. He did many extravagant things that attracted unduly attention to him. He was drunk with power—success—"lest we forget." And he forgot. The race reaped what he sowed. None of us care for those antics. But with all his faults he is human and is responsible to none. I am for him, hoping he has sobered down sufficiently to know the value of dollars—man's best earthly friend in spite of the high moralizing otherwise. Take no chances. If he will he can live without raising hogs or turning farmer. He ought to have $50,000 at the lowest. If not that he has $30,000, his last "check." It is a fortune. If he is still riotous, spending like a lord, rushing through his money as if the flow were perpetual, he will round up in a Cul-de-sac—hemmed in on all sides, passing out as the individual of the greatest opportunity, but who drifted to obscurity and poverty by default.

* * *

Johnson had faults and virtues. If the virtues did not reside in him he caused good. He gave class to the pugilistic business. Until he came most men passed up the game with a sneer. The value of being called the world's best man had not sunk in the consciousness of the many. The heavyweight championship reached its greatest value when it fell to Jack Johnson. Before that the game was more or less "clandestine." Men were fighting and flying sometimes. A set of men already know what it meant to be the world's best man, physically, the knowledge was not then contagious. Men grew serious after Reno. States and communities grew indulgent. Race was back of all this. The conclusion was that the race which furnished the best physical man was the best physical race. We drew the prize and because we are who we are the price increased in value right along. The proud Anglo-Saxon did not feel to capitulate to the "feeble" Ethiopion which had so recently emerged from his chrysalis. Johnson's battle was mental and physical. The atmosphere of the fight was surcharged with opposition. "Vive le blanc!" said the Cubans, meaning long live the white, or success to the white man. The defeat will tend to reduce race friction—that's the cruel reflection. Think of it

* * *

It is said that the fight was fixed that Johnson was paid to surrender his title after a brave show of defense I do not think so. According to my way of thinking Willard was a man of great endurance by nature, just as that athlete seen at Keith's Opera House, Indianapolis, of last week. Great balls of iron were thrown up in the air; he caught them on his shoulders and back. One of those balls shook that immense auditorium when it fell to the floor. The pounding he received by the falling balls seemed beyond belief. There was some slight-of-hand, to be sure, but nevertheless, those mighty balls gathering speed in their lescent deposited the weight somewhere. It was on the athlete's bare flesh, even if distributed in a way known to him.

If Willard was such a man Johnson could have been still pounding him. It is plain that he was such a man. His battling science was not respected. But the world did not seem to know of his power of endurance until the very eve of the fight. The tip went out, and men began to bet that if the go lasted twenty rounds Johnson was gone. This was on the theory of endurance. Watchful waiting was Willard's policy. If he were another "Achilles," the very fitting name of the opera house athlete I have referred to, he had already won before he entered the ring, provided Johnson beat him down in no vital spot. He was too tall for this—his face was reasonably secure. The rest of his body had been annealed—toughened to the hardest usage, I will say, and such as Jack Johnson had never dreamed of. In other words, Johnson battled against fate. His effort was sublime, and any other man than Jess Willard, or one similarly endowed and trained, would have fainted early in the fray.

This is my own version of the passing of Johnson, based on what happened and the quality of man necessary to undo him. Jess Willard was a eugenic man—made to order.

A FOOT BALL WIZARD.

(By Phil Waters, Charleston, W. Va.)

In every university of college where there are colored students they invariably win honor and fame. Not only in the intercollegiate debates the oratorical contests and high scholarship, but in the strenuous athletic battles, particularly football, some hero in ebony is continually bursting forth as a star of the first magnitude.

Lewis, assistant attorney general of the United States under President Taft, the old Harvard linesman, regarded by the leading experts as the greatest center of all time, was the pioneer, and shone brilliantly in the early nineties. He was followed by the marvelous Jewett, the great halfback of the University of Michigan, the first and only colored player to wear the moleskin of that famous school. Bullock of Dartmouth, Marshall of Williams, Mathews of Harvard, Young of the University of Illinois, Johnson of the University of Nebraska, Gray of Amherst, Green, now assistant attorney general of Ohio, of Western Reserve, Roberts of Colorado College, Brownley of Howard, possibly the most versatile player ever produced by any colored college, are a few of our leading players who have made gridiron history during the past quarter of a century.

The season of 1915 has been no exception. Smith of the Michigan Aggies and Pollard of Brown University are our most noted representatives in the football world to-day. Gideon E. Smith has been a member of the Michigan Agricultural College football team for three years and has played his last game. The following appeared in a recent issue of the Detroit Tribune:

"Gideon Smith, the chocolate-hued member of the Michigan Aggies, who, during the past three seasons, has vied with the best of them for popularity among the farmers, smiled broadly Friday evening. The smile followed the presentation of a gold watch to him as a token of appreciation and friendship from Aggie rooters. Just as the football banqueters were adjourning, the rooters' spokesman stepped up to the big fellow and tapped him on the shoulder. 'I have a little token for you. You have never had time taken out for you on the football field, so we are giving it to you now.' Gideon didn't have a whole lot to do in the way of speechmaking, but he turned on a smile that expressed a whole lot more than words."

The leading experts of the West, although always showing partiality for the Big Nine football teams and a large amount of color blindness, have selected Smith as the right tackle for the All-Western Eleven. The Daily News of Chicago, in its issue of November 27 last, says:

"Smith, playing his last year for the Michigan Aggies, is another wonderful tackle. Coaches Harper of Notre Dame, Yost of Michigan and Stehm of Nebraska, all of whom have played against him, unite in declaring him of All-Amirican class. Macklin, his own coach, has little to say about him, summing up his opinion in these words: 'He is the greatest tackle I ever saw, East or West.' The big colored man was largely responsible for the success of the Lansing team this year and was used offensively and defensively."

Walter Eckersall, one of the greatest football players who ever lived, and an expert official, states that Smith is quick in discerning a play, powerful and sure as a tackler, and is without an equal in solving the tricks of his opponents. Gideon played the most dazzling game of his whole career against the far-famed team of the University of Michigan. He was the first man to ever turn back the "German bullet," Maulbetsch, Walter Camp's All-American halfback. Of his playing in this game the Free Press of Detroit says:

"When it comes to the defense, Smith, the big M. A. C. tackle, was far and away the best man in the game. This large person is a decided brunette as to complexion, but as a football player he is pure gold all the way through. No matter where the Maize and Blue sent its plays, there always seemed to be a dark man in the way."

In his three years of playing Smith has never had any time taken out, although in every game he was the center of the fiercest attack. He gives all the credit to his unprejudiced coach, Johnny Macklin, one of the few great gridiron generals who believes in giving every candidate for his team an equal show regardless of color, race or his pocketbook. Only three men in the history of the game, as the records show, have made longer runs from scrimmage. Smith ran 90 yards for a touchdown in a game against Akron College in 1914.

Smith was born and reared in Norfolk, Va. He graduated from Hampton Institute, a., in 1910, and the Ferris Institute, Big Rapids, Mich., in 1911. This is his fourth and last year at M. A. C., Lansing, Mich.

In a letter to him, Governor Woodbridge N. Ferris of Michigan said:

"I like you because you are a success in football. Go ahead. I am sure that you are now realizing in a measure your ambition, and I am also sure that the future is rich with promise for you. I congratulate M .A. C. upon having a man of your ability on their team."

Many schools are anxious to obtain Smith as coach and physical director. He is undecided where he will go next year.

NERVE WON FOR ROY MORSE

Little Runner Never Worried About the Dashes at World's Fair Games—He Fills Drew's Shoes—Crowd Applauds His Ability.

By Binga Dismond.

When Mr. Morse left New York last summer the track fans around and about the big town didn't think enough of his sprinting technique to advance him the coin ordinarily necessary to spend a week end in the Bronx; but after a certain little meet which was pulled off at the world's fair a week later the Gotham bugs telegraphed the new "champ" money enough to go to Japan, if he had so wished.

The sporting world in general and the sporting San Francisco in particular had no idea that Morse would romp away with two first honor championships and a third place. In fact I have been thinking it was the little wonder's indifference and coolness which enabled him to do what the other five were unable to accomplish. Drew, already the world's champion, was in the worst shape he had ever been in his life. The same was true of Irving Howe of Boston, the national A. A. U. 220 "champ." He was off form. Martin of the Smart Sets, Brooklyn, was exhibiting considerable worry also. A lot was expected of him. And, as I have admitted, the sand man could not get anywhere near me on account of thoughts of Meredith. But with Morse it was just the opposite. He laid down across the bed about 6 o'clock the night before the race, having nothing on his mind at all.

At the junior championships that day he had won the applause of the sprint followers by the ease with which he had outdistanced the others lined up for the junior century event. Maybe it took him twelve hours to dream this all over again. Anyhow that much had glided by before the boys woke him the day of the big races. It might be well to insert here that in those same junior championships Mr. Sol Butler of Hutchinson, Kan., and Rock Island, Ill., leaped into the hearts of the race fans by winning the broad jump. Sol really did jump broad. Methinks that if Sol could have seen all of the fair he would have jumped back to Chicago; and then again maybe he didn't want to walk back for his medal.

The big surprise saved itself for the senior championships. After Drew grew weary and ceased his efforts, and Howe was running ever so fast, but all in one place, Morse compelled the race fans to stand on their eyebrows by finishing a close third in the 100. Meyers and Loomis puzzled the judges considerably by nearly staging a tie for the first position. Loomis is from Chicago, a trifle nearer 'Frisco than New York, Meyers' home, so was given the preference. It was evident, however, that Morse could have copped the thing handily had he been aware that Drew was out of the running.

In the meantime the three fastest hurdlers in the world—Kelly of the University of Southern California, Simpson of Missouri and Murray of 'Frisco—had shown Martin the way to the ribbon; Howe had failed to materialize; Butler had broken his ankle, thereby relinquishing an opportunity to grab the senior broad jump, and I had broken my heart by fading away in the quarter. Things began to look pretty gloomy for our boys when Drew literally forced Morse into the 220-yard spasm.

Just before this event was run off an incident occurred which displayed to a nicety the indifferent attitude of Morse. An aggregation of the New York contingent was huddled together in one of the fresh air compartments under the stadium. Knees were knocking together, good jokes fell as if upon English ears, and the entire bunch was rawther nervous. Not so with our Roy Morse. He was in the middle of the floor, snapping his fingers and singing: "First you put yo' two knees close up tight." Roy's redition of "Ballin' the Jack" was as funny to the worrying 200 entrants as a funeral.

"Roy, for God's sake, cut it out," pleaded Meyers, who had just been cheated out of the hundred and to whom the coming 220 was quite a serious affair.

"Hire a hall, Morse," came from another section of the bunch, but Roy sang on.

"Please stop, Roy," again begged Meyers. Roy seemed inspired, so warbled on. "If you stop, Roy, I'll give you a job. I'll give you a good job when we get back to New York." Meyers is a Wall street broker. "Honest. Honest I will, Morse. Honest to goodness." Just then the whistle announced the call for the furlough distance.

As the young dash hounds lined up at the start Roy was as "cool as a cucumber," while the rest of the bunch was as composed as a number of spies about to be shot. The result was that our boy got away with the gun. He followed the leaders nicely, with both eyes on the championship, and, when the worried crowd weakened, piled up all sudden-like a burst of steam that shot shot him ahead of the others and enabled him to break the tape all by his lonesome. It was a great finish, for which you have to give him credit. The stadium showed its appreciation by going stark mad. The boob near us piped: "Can't that leetle Hawaiian run?" He couldn't get it into his dome that another "champ" had been born to us with class enough to fill Drew's shoes. But we wise ones said: "The champion is dead. Long live the champion."

SYRACUSE, 0; DARTMOUTH, 0.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 26.—With Joe Tibbs, formerly of the M St. high school, Washington, D. C., playing tackle, the Syracuse eleven held the heavy Dartmouth team to an 0 to 0 score here last Saturday. Tibbs replaced Jackson at left tackle. The game was played in a field of mud and puddles. The second half both teams resorted to a punting game hoping a fumble might cause a break. Syracuse played all around the big green team except in the last three minutes of play.

Sports—1915

Havana Johnson's Waterloo

New York News

COLORED HEAVYWEIGHT KING KNOCKED OUT BY WILLARD

The New York

Ethiopia mourns and will not be comforted. The king is dead. Long live the king in memory.

Heavy are the hearts of colored men the country over. Their idol, the king of all heavyweights, Jack Johnson, has been toppled from his throne. Big, ungainly, gawky Jess Willard, the Kansas farmer, knocked him out at Havana on Monday in the twenty-sixth round of their fight for the title. Age, even though backed by science, succumbed to the crude brute strength of youth in the long run. Johnson, like other champions, fought just one battle too many. But white and colored alike must admit it was some battle. The brawny, bronzed gladiator of the roped arena battled furiously to the last and died in a manner worthy of one who had worn the laurels of champion.

A peculiar feature of the fight was that Johnson practically won all the way until the fateful knockout. Round after round his cool, clear, crafty ring generalship gave him the margin on points. The big, lumbering Willard landed occasionally with his powerful rights and lefts to body, jaw or head, but only once or twice did his punches seem to seriously distress Johnson.

Along toward the final round, Johnson, so the dispatches report, asked that his wife be removed from the ringside, as he felt that he could not last much longer, and did not want her to see him defeated. The knockout came just as she was leaving the place.

To all intents and purposes, Johnson was out—really knocked out. But many people make much of the many peculiar circumstances preceding the knockout, and leading up to it. No inconsiderable number think it a frame-up and a proportionately larger number claim that the fight was on the level level—that Jack wouldn't have thrown that fight for a million cool. Until the end of time opinion will always be divided on this score.

Though dissension of opinion as to the genuinity of the knockout may exist, all colored men unite and meet together on a common ground of sorrow now that their champion is no more—the champion with the golden smile—that magnificent specimen of physical development and master of scientific ring generalship—the one colored heavyweight champion of all time—the greatest the world has known, or will know, white or black—Jack Johnson.

The king is dead. Long live the king in memory.

A WORD ABOUT JACK JOHNSON

The Richmond Planet

It will be remembered that it was openly charged that James Jeffries would never have been induced to go into the ring and face Jack Johnson, but for the fact that he had been assured that the whole thing had been fixed and that Jack Johnson would "lay down." He was given a fortune to meet Jack Johnson. it was charged that Jack Johnson "double-crossed" Jeffries and when he got him into the ring gave him such a walloping that to this day he has a feeling of bitter enmity towards the dusky ex-champion.

Down in Havana last Monday, it seems that a similar arrangement was made, but the money was so placed that only by carrying out the bargain could Jack Johnson come into possession of the fortune. Even at this Jess Willard was nervous. He did not know at what time Jack Johnson would forget his agreement and then there would be "sad news to carry to Hannah." The moving picture syndicate figured that they could afford to make it profitable for Johnson for the reason that moving pictures showing the triumph of a white man over a black one would take all over the world.

Some say Johnson was given fifty percent royalty on the moving picture profits and some say twenty five percent. The moving picture syndicate is figuring on making one million dollars out of the pictures taken at Havana. Johnson is reported to have refused an offer of two hundred thousand dollars for this part of the moving picture contract.

It will be seen, then, that Jack Johnson was correct when he said He knows that I would take his title away from him in jig time if we met again. I will never be a ham and egg fighter, though, for I have enough money to keep me the rest of my life.

Evidently without intending so to do, Jack Johnson has told the whole story. With his lavish expenditures of money $30,000 would not take care of Jack Johnson the remainder of his natural life. As for Champion Jess Willard, he is the laughing stock of every first class pugilist in the country. To fight Sam Langford would be for him to lose the title and to fight any first class white pugilist would be for him to do the same thing. He is admittedly untrained and awkward as first class pugilists go. It was Jack Johnson's purpose to lose out to just such a character.

Willard's long reach and height were only to aid the deception The colored people have mistakenly idolized Jack Johnson. He was the creature of white men in the beginning and he is the tool of white men at the close. If this case will serve to lift our people to higher ideals and bring them to appreciate true worth in their own race leaders, then this "slump" of Jack Johnson will not have been in vain.

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our peace have sent to peace.
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless estacy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing.
Can touch him further."

—SHAKESPERE.

BINGA DISMOND BREAKS RECORD ON INDOOR TRACK

The Chicago Tribune 2/20/15

Popular Student of Chicago University Makes a Dash That Startles the Meet—Quarter-Mile Record Broken—Dismond Leads with 54 2-5—Greatest Meet in History.

JESSE BINGA ONLOOKER.

University of Chicago Team Goes Wild with Joy When Dismond Wins—Stagg, the Coach, Declares Him to Be the Next World's Champion Runner.

By Frank A. Young.

The Maroon track team upset all predictions last Saturday evening at Lafayette, Ind. Ward and Goodwin, teammates of Binga Dismond, broke the Purdue track record, the former equaling the world's record for the 40-yard dash and the latter lowering the mile record. But the greatest of all was the work of H. Binga Dismond, who ran the quarter in 54⅘, not only winning with ease, but setting a new record at Purdue and lowering the one held by Davenport, the former star of all quarter-milers at Chicago University. Dismond will be seen Saturday night at the First Regiment Armory games.

Banker Binga Spectator.

Jesse Binga, the banker, was among the spectators, and was extended several invitations by Professor Stagg to join his party, but Binga is noted for his modesty, therefore he declined.

When Dismond passed the line there was great shouting and praise. He was carried on the shoulders of his team through all parts of the "gym." Coach Stagg says Dismond will most likely become the champion runner of America.

Butler Wants Shield.

Sol Butler, formerly of Hutchinson, Kan., high school and now of Rock Island high, will be seen Friday night at the same games, "prep" division. Butler writes that he is out to take the Daily News shield back to Rock Island with him. This shield is to be given to the athlete winning the highest number of points. Walker of Evanston Academy will also run in the "prep" games.

An open invitation meet will be held by the Lincoln Athletic Club on Decoration day and is open to all colored athletes. There will be two divisions—senior and junior, the latter including boys up to 16. All seniors must be members of the A. A. U. Applications can be sent either to Mr. Hammond, physical instructor, Y. M. C. A., or to Frank Young, Y. M. C. A.

Now that the Eighth Regiment Armory is nearing completion we anxiously await to see if they will form their much talked of athletic association.

COLOR LINE HAS KEPT MANY A GOOD BALL PLAYER OUT OF MAJORS.

The color line drawn so tightly around the major league baseball has barred from major league fields three of the greatest pitchers the game ever has produced.

One of the trio, John Donaldson, pitching semi-pro ball in Kansas City, recently pitched thirty innings without allowing a hit or run—a record without parallel.

"If Donaldson were a white man, or if the unwritten law of baseball didn't bar negroes from the major leagues, I would give $50,000 for him—and think I was getting a bargain," said John McGraw of the Giants, after seeing Donaldson pitch several games in Cuba.

Donaldson, just before establishing his record of pitching thirty innings without being hit, struck out twenty-five men in a twelve-inning game—an average of better than two strikeouts per inning.

Donaldosn just now is twirling for the All-Nationals, a Kansas City team composed of players of all nations, and an outfit that baseball sharps claim is strong enough to give any major league club a nip-and-tuck battle.

Frank Wickware is another negro pitcher who would rank with the Walter Johnsons, Joe Woods and Grover Alexanders if he were a white man. Wickware performed some marvelous pitching feats in and around Schenectady, N. Y., and has since moved on to Chicago, where he has become a sensation among the semi-pros. He has pitched here against the A. B. C.'s.

Wickware has marvelous speed, a weird set of curves and wonderful control. And he has a trick that has made him feared among batters. He throws what seems to be a "beanball," but his control is so perfect that he never yet has hit a batter in the head. But when the batters see the ball, propelled with mighty force, come for their heads, they jump away— and the ball, taking its proper and well-timed curve, arches over the plate for a strike.

Wickware has compiled a wonderful strike-out average. He figured in about thirty games over a stretch of three years from 1912, and struck out something like 250 batsman—an average of about 8 1-3 to a game. In one game he fanned fifteen men. He has allowed on an average of only five hits to a game for the last twenty games pitched, and over a stretch of fifteen games he allowed only twenty-six runs, less than two runs to a game.

In Cuba there is a negro pitcher by the name of Mendez. He's known as "The Black Matty" and his work has been almost as brilliant as that of "The Big Six" of the Giants. Mendez is only of medium height, but he has terrific power in his arm.

The Cuban negro has a canny brain and he always has used it. He has mixed his fast ball with his slow one, has an assortment of beautiful curves and perfect control.

Pitching for the speedy Almendares team he has established some amazing records. But he has done so without really trying. Like Mathewson, he never pitches a right ball unless he has to. He conserves his strength. But when he needs to pitch hitless ball he does it. When he needs to strike out a man he usually succeeds. But he always works on the theory that he has eight men to aid him in his defensive work.—From the Indiana Daily Times.

WILLARD NOT CHAMPION?

Paris.—That Willard is not now, and cannot be heavyweight champion of the world until he meets Sam Langford is the prevailing opinion among Parisian fistic experts, who base their contention on the fact that previous to the war the International Boxing Union had decided that the heavyweight title rested between Johnson and Langford, who were to have fought last November.

The Union therefore rules that Langford retains the right of meeting the winner.

AS OTHERS OF HIS KIND.

We are nothing with Jack Johnson's wrongdoings whatever they are, or have been. We have always maintained that they were not especially offensive. Not that he should escape whatever punishment was due him, but that he was as other men of his kind. A white publication of Ottawa, Canada, observed as follows:

"When the Negro was knocked out he remarked with a feeble smile, 'The best man won.'"

"Thirty years of heavyweight ring battles between white pugilists did not produce a remark like that of the uneducated Negro. Sentiment was overwhelmingly against the colored champion in all countries—he had been guilty of offenses which are unhesitatingly condoned in the case of white men in similar circumstances. Of the thousands who witnessed the contest probably less than a few score hoped for a victory for the Negro. All through the fight he was subjected to insulting remarks from the spectators and badgered by the active partisans of his opponent; he was made to feel that his defeat was to be encompassed at all costs. Yet—"the best man won.'"

The point we wish to emphasize is that "he had been guilty of offenses which are unhesitatingly condoned in the case of white men in similar circumstances." We like the testimony coming as it does from white men as against white men. Not that publication alone, but many others by the white people, have said something similar, and the truth of it all is so forceful that Champion Willard has lost much of the sweets of his victory. So after all there is a semblance of adjustment right here on earth. While they were bent on "killing" Jack Johnson they also succeeded in killing his successor. The sense of justice is tortured to eminence and rises up erect out of our prejudices, proving often the salvation of the individuals and peoples. This is a better preachment than much of that which has been making the rounds about man's true estate being higher than that of the brute and the rest of it.

The fight had its other victory. Johnson's struggle had its victory greater than Johnson knew. He intensified the race struggle it is true, but he merely drove it to a head, and which has been slashed by sober, thoughtful men who finally reflected that the Negroes and Johnson are men and citizens, creatures of the same source, and bound to the same eternity. To damn them was to indict the very Creator, and to judge Him foolish for whatever He has done, even to the creating of the earth and all things on it—falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.

BILLIARD FANS SEE J. SIMMS WIN OVER LAWSON

500 People Witness the Great Contest at Odd Fellows' Hall—$300 Prize Awarded by Messrs. Holt, Simmons, Cole, Catlin, Jones and Banks.

JULIUS SEALS PROMOTER.

Simms Creates a Great Impression—Lawson Played Steadily Throughout the Game—Society Was All Agog—Game To Be Played In Best Homes—Great Interest Manifested.

The first championship game of professional billiard players took place this week at Odd Fellows' hall. It was promoted by Julius Seals, one of Chicago's progressive young men, under the auspices of the Chicago Billiard Association. A prize of $300.00 was offered to the winner which was donated by Messrs. George Holt, Wm. Simmons, H. T. Catlin and Thos. Cole, Chicago; Messrs. Theo. Jones and O. H. Banks, Detroit, Mich.

The contestants were Mr. J. Simms, Detroit, and Wm. Lawson, Chicago. When it was first published that the event was to take place society people and those liking this game were anxious to get reserve seats. Tickets sold in advance went like hot cakes. A new interest was created. Enthusiasm ran high. At all the billiard parlors one could hear nothing but Simms and Lawson. The day before the game the Brunswick Pool and Billiard firm sent out a 5 by 15 table. The game was played on a 14-2 balk line. Mr. Alf Kelly, Chicago, referee, and Mr. W. O. Scott, Chicago, expert score keeper. Every night the hall was well filled with prominent women and men to see the game. The general appreciation of the game was so great among the women that the society people are going to take up the game and introduce it in their homes, as billiards is regarded by all nationalities as one of the cleanest and most enjoyable of all sports.

Simms outpointed Lawson in the first block of play, scoring 300 points to 192 for Lawson (he stopping 108 points behind). Lawson came back in the 2d block and with brilliant and steady play overcame this great lead, and at one time led the count by 21 points. He then took a sudden slump while Simms loafed to the end of the 2d block with a score of 600 to 593.

The 3d and final block was an exhibition of brilliant and sensational plays, more especially on the part of Simms. Mr. Simms created a very great sensation with a most brilliant shot; a center cushion kiss shot down the side rail, striking the end rail taking "reverse English" and returning up the side rail for a count. Mr. Lawson played steadily throughout the game, but was unable to substantiate a lead at any time.

Mr. Simms proved himself to be a master of the table in close places.

The Sore.

LOST.

Lawson.

Relative play	.882
Average	3.09
Points	794

WON.

Simms.

Relative play	1.000
Average	3.1
Points	900

Great credit should be given Mr. Julius Seals, who was the promoter. It is reported that another big event will be pulled off soon and a great event in the summer when there will be billiard players here from all over the world, making it an international event. Mr. Tom Cole, one of the donors, said to a Defender representative: "I am very pleased with the interest manifested on part of the public. People who never saw an expert game were able to witness one this week.

NEGRO ATHLETES WIN AT FOUR MEETS

Saturday, July 17, was banner day for colored athletes, who showed up well at four meets.

The Salem-Crescent A. C. scored thirteen points and won third team prize at the annual junior track and field championships of the Metropolitan Association held at Schenectady. The Smart Set A. C. scored two points.

For the Salem-Crescents Roy Morse won the 100-yard dash in 10 1-5 seconds. P. J. White was beaten by inches for first honors in the 220-yards dash and was placed second. Lionel La Beet, general manager of the Salemites, placed second in the running hop, step and jump contest with 42 feet 10¾ inches.

For the Smart Set A. C., Walter H. Powe placed third in the 880-yard run.

Wins Phillips-Jones Meet.

While their team-mates were winning third honors at Schenectady the Salem-Crescents who remained here rolled up 13 points at the annual track and field games of the Phillips-Jones Athletic Association, held at Juniper Park, Long Island, capturing the point trophy. The Bronx Church House and the Mohawk Athletic Club were the Salem-Crescents' nearest competitors, with 10 joints each.

Representing the Salem-Crescents were Herman Foster, who won the 100-yard dash with 2½ yards handicap; John Bronson, who placed first in the 880-yard run with 10 yards; J. Capers, fourth in the 220-yard dash with 8 yards; O. Hawkins, fourth in the 440-yard run with 12 yards; Foster, Brunson, O. Hawkins and Creed, who comprised the one-mile relay race team, placed fourth with a 21-yard handicap.

Diamond and Butler Break Records.

In Chicago Binga Dismond of Chicago University and Sol Butler of Rock Island set up new records at the Central States try-outs for the exposition games.

In the face of hot competition, Dismond, in winning the 440-yard run in 48 3-5 seconds, set a National A. A. U. record. The old record of 49 3-5 seconds was made in 1896 by Burke of the Boston A. A.

Sol Butler made a new Central A. A. U. record when in the broad jump he covered 24 feet 2½ inches.

Ravenall and Granger Win in Newark.

Representatives of the St. Christopher and Salem-Crescent clubs, together with the Granger brothers, running unattached, were winners at the annual games of the Newark Young Men's Christian Association held at the Federal League Park.

W. R. Granger started from scratch in the 440-yard open handicap and won in 52 1-5 seconds. Granger, as usual, trailed behind the leaders until the last few yards, when with a sudden sprint he shot into the lead.

Leo Granger with a 27-yard handicap placed third in the 1,000-yard run. James Ravenall of the St. Christopher A. C. won the 100-yard dash from scratch in 10 1-5 seconds.

In the broad jump, A. A. U. handicap, B. Lauder, Salem-Crescent (22 inches).

WAS SCHOOL CHAMPION.

Roy Morse, who won the national junior 100-yard and senior 220-yard championships at San Francisco on August 6 and 7, will reach home this week. The Salem-Crescent Athletic Club, of which he is a member, is planning an elaborate reception in honor of his achievements, the time to be settled when his arrival is definitely known.

Some interesting facts have been brought to light since the news of his victories in the Panama-Pacific games reached here. A former teacher in P. S. 89, where Roy was a student, has written to the Globe, paying a tribute to the 19-year old runner, and incidentally bringing out the fact that as an athlete in the elementary school Morse won no less than forty medals, was a member of two championship relay teams, and was also the two-time winner of the sixty-yard dash at the championships. Mr. Carr's letter is as follows:

Your article about Roy Morse the other day made me think that perhaps a word from his former teacher might prove interesting to your readers. He is a product of the Public Schools Athletic League, and was as big a "star" among the elementary school boys as he is now among the older athletes.

While teaching in P. S. 89 during 1908-1913 I spent most of my spare time imparting what little knowledge of athletics I had to those lads who wished to compete in track athletics. Among those who practised day after day was Roy, who, when I knew him, weighed less than eighty pounds.

During the two years of competition as a school boy he won about forty medals and was a member of two P. S. A. L. championship relay teams and was also the two-time winner of the sixty-yard dash at the championships.

He never received the benefit of high school competition, for he had to go to work after leaving elementary school. However, as he himself told me about a month ago, he always did some running whenever he had a chance. While a school boy he competed in many of the big meets, for P. S. A. L. relay races were in vogue then, and fostered the idea of becoming a great runner. Saturday's performance shows how well he succeeded.

In my experience as a teacher I have taught over two thousand boys, but I have never found a more manly and likable boy than Roy Morse. He is a boy who will never get a "swelled head." Any "boost" you may give him will be deserved. JAMES F. CARR.

JENKINS A REAL STAR

One of the most promising distance runners developed by the local schoolboy league is Frank Jenkins of Far Rockaway High School. Besides being the sensation of the year, Jenkins succeeded in breaking the only two records set in high school competition during the year. In winning the one-half and one-mile races at the outdoor championships, Jenkins erased the marks that were established by Abel R. Kiviat five years ago.

Jenkins successfully defended his cross-country title, and an unfortunate fall in the last 100 yards of the Cornell University interscholastic cross-country run, which prevented him from finishing, cost him first prize in that event. Jenkins is to matriculate at Colby College, and Harvey Cohn has corralled a probable intercollegiate point winner.

The new records that were set up by Jenkins which will withstand many assaults before they are obliterated are: 880-yard run, 2:03 1-5, and one mile, 4:35 4-5.—Sunday Press.

Morris Wins Kings County Run.

Arrow Morris of the Smart Set A. C., Brooklyn, captured first place in the three and three-quarter mile run of the Kings County A. C. last Sunday, while Sid Jackson of the Bronx American A. C. won second place. Morris covered the distance in 22.26.

Sports—1915

RUBE FOSTER CHATS ABOUT HIS CAREER

The Chicago Defender 2/6/15

Famous Pitcher-Manager Puts Aside Usual Reserve and Grants Interview to Defender Reporter Who Finds Him at Work in His Office at Home.

RECALLS UNION GIANTS.

Interviewer Hears Complete History of Professional Baseball—Threatened Starvation Brings Together First Team—Mrs. Foster Never Saw Game Until She Was Married.

By George E. Mason.

If I were to tell you the story of Connie Mack, I could only speak of a man who had succeeded in perfecting one of the world's most wonderful baseball machines.

But Connie Mack had everything—men and money—at his disposal, so it was with Frank Chance; but it was not so with our "Rube," as he is affectionately called by countless white and colored baseball fans.

Here let me tell you the story of his wonderful career—strange enough to be fiction, but not less model than the metaphors handed us at the regular Sunday morning services.

As I entered his comfy home just after the noon hour, I was more than agreeably surprised. I had expected to find it the proverbial home of an athletic sporting man; expected to see flags, pennants and various souvenirs of his many triumphs, hanging everywhere.

'Twas, ah, so different; in fact, could as well be the home of one of our most pious ministers.

Quiet Setting for Mighty Man.

Modestly correct furniture, a few pictures, most conspicuous of which is one of "Lil" Rube and Mr. "Rube" (not in baseball uniform) adorn the almost severely plain walls.

Strange setting for a meeting with the real shining light of our sporting world, thought "yours truly," as Mrs. Foster pointed me upstairs to Mr. Foster's office—a real office, too. As I mounted the stairs, the clattering of a typewriter came to my ears. A moment later I was heartily received by Mr. Foster.

"Sorry I haven't time, sir; I'm awfully busy," he said, with apparent regret.

"I am from the Defender and would like to ask you a few questions," I begged.

Ah! the magic words, "The Defender." We opine that Mr. Foster has some affection for The Defender, for he immediately granted me this—the first and only interview given to the press, revealing his personal career, the struggles, the privations, and most inspiring of all, his triumphs as a baseball player, from which I have deducted the foliowing story.

First Work in Chicago.

Rube Foster came to Chicago in 1902 and pitched for Frank C. Leland, who then operated the Chicago Union Giants, losing one game during his brief stay of three months, leaving the club to pitch for a white club at Otsego, Mich. The year 1903 found him with the Cuban Giants of New York. It was with this club he opened the eyes of the baseball world, winning the championship from the Philadelphia Giants, closing the year with 54 victories, 1 defeat. The year 1904 found him with the Philadelphia Giants, the club he defeated the year previous for the championship of the world, and won back the title for the Philadelphia Giants against his former teammates, setting a record of that time of fanning 18 men in a championship game and winning the only games won for his club, incidentally giving them the championship honors of the colored baseball world. He remained with the Philadelphia Giants in 1905 and 1906. In the fall of 1906 the white managers began to lower the salaries of the colored players; also allowing them only two meals at 15 cents a day, and to furnish their own uniforms, and play 30 days. Prior to the time their salaries began for their board.

If Necessary Starve Together.

It was then that Rube Foster showed the great qualities that afterwards made him equally successful a manager as a pitcher. He called several of the players of the Philadelphia Giants together and told them while his contract or salary had not been reduced, he did not think they were being treated fairly, and if they were going to starve, the best policy would be to starve trying to better themselves, adding that he would guarantee them the salary offered by the Philadelphia team, place a team in Chicago, and if necessary, all starve together.

The result was the forming of the reorganized Leland Giants, who made history for Chicago under his leadership. After four years he organized the American Giants, who are today the standard of colored baseball clubs. During his eight years as a manager he has not only paid the largest salaries, but is the only colored manager in the business, that has the name of never missing a pay day. He was the first to take a club on a southern spring trip, and the only one to use a private Pullman car every place he goes.

Backbone of Profession.

His club is the best uniformed in the business and has traveled farther than all the other clubs combined. His players are loyal to him and all baseball players know him to be the backbone of this profession. He leaves on a 10,000 mile trip March 1st, returning to Chicago April 25th, the day of the opening of the season of 1915.

Has no Favorites.

"Have you any favorites among yo players?" I asked.

"No," he answered, emphatically, try to pick my players by their abilit to play baseball. Real team work i necessary to make a winner, so every player must be up to the standard or, in spite of personal friendship or public opinion, I insist on judging my men by their ability to play winning ball."

"I notice that you don't knock other teams," I said, suggestively. Then came the secret of the Foster success.

"We need good teams to play us; that's what brings the fans' interest; that's why it takes all my time to keep a winning team, to keep ahead of the rest of 'em. There are some good ones, too."

That brought to memory many of last season's hard battles when a slip by Barbour or wild pitch by Jenkins, who, by the way, is a Foster-made success, or a slip by the old reliable Pete Hill, would have cost the game, but the steadying presence of Foster, sometimes apparently quiet on the bench, but in reality steadily signaling through some bench player, the unexpected would happen.

A groove ball, a hot bounder to Lloyd, a double to Monroe to Barbour, and the bacon was once more in the same old smokehouse.

Wife Knows Best Part of Game.

"Does the wife know the game?" I ventured to ask.

That shot found his soft spot—his only real egotism.

"She only has interest in it because I play it. Never saw a game before we married," he answered, proudly. Think of it, that from Foster.

Mrs. Foster has real interest. She seems to know the business end of the game. Maybe that's why Rube Foster, baseball player, owns that dandy home on Forest avenue, and never has failed to pay his players. Maybe, like "the cat that raced the bull-dog," he had to win.

Getting Ready for 10,000-Mile Jaunt.

I had already taken up too much of his valuable time, for Mr. Foster is very busy preparing for his little 10,000-mile jaunt, so I arose to leave just as Mrs. Foster brought in several large letters from the evening mail, signed contracts, I venture to guess, to be added to those of the nifty Petway, Barbour, Jenkins, Bauchman, the new shortstop; Whitworth, a new pitcher; McNair, a new outfielder; old reliable Hill, and other stars of last season's team.

I had satisfied myself that Rube Foster, gentleman, ball player, has made baseball a business as well as a pleasure, opening up a new vocation for our clean-living young men. What is possible in Chicago is also possible in many other cities, and it's a paying pleasure. Just think of that 10,000-mile trip.

"C'mon over, fellers, run like everything," let's throw a few and get Rube to look us over. It may not be too late.

Special to the Chicago Defender.

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 29.—If coach counts for anything, then U. S. C. should have a championship track and field team for the coming season. Graduate Manager Warren Bovard has inaugurated a new system on the Trojan institution, that of the voluntary coaching system. It is the plan of Bovard to get the alumni of the school back to help Glaze with the cinder-path artists, as well as in other branches of sports.

Bovard has made a good start in the right direction. Boyd Comstock, the man who turned out a championship team at the Wesleyan school last track season, is helping out with the sprinters; Fred Watkins, the Trojan star pole vaulter, is caring for the pole-climbing candidates, while Dean Cromwell is helping with the veterans, such as Kelly, when he has a few spare moments. Coach Glaze is the man in charge, but at present is busy with his ball tossers.

Plan New Here.

This plan is new in the south, but Bovard has struck the right keynote, as the more coaches he has on hand the more men will be developed. Glaze at present has his hands full with the ball candidates and cannot give the cinder men much attention. The help of these old stars will aid the Trojans considerably.

The Defender 1/30/15

The first call for track has not yet been given, but every night on Bovard field more than a score of aspirants can be seen working out, with one of the alumni helping them. Boyd Comstock and Watkins have been out consistently in the past to help the men, while Cromwell has come out on an average of twice a week.

Drew to Care for Sprints.

Howard Drew will again care for the sprints, as well as the broad jump. Last year the Trojan star defeated Bradway and Maker of California in a dual meet, but the coming season will have to show up better in the jump event if he expects to win over the Blue and Gold men again. The world's champion sprinter will work at the broad jump seriously this spring in an effort to win points in the events in all meets.

Craig, Kelly and Livernash will care for the shot put, with Bailey in the hammer. Bettinger and Cookman will be on hand to win points in the pole vault. Bradley will help Drew in the sprints. Distance men, as well as quarter milers, are scarce out at the Trojan school, and will have to be developed.

"DREW TRUE SPORT NEVER HAD AN ALIBI."

Guardian 2-28-15

Wm. Mack in Boston Sunday American.

Drew is a Colored boy, and, like the great Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, is generally popular. Drew is a man who has been a credit to amateur athletics and a credit to his race, and in his retirement from the game the cinder path is losing an athlete who never turned a dirty trick in his life to win and who was game enough when the end came to admit it.

He has run ten seconds and better oftener than any living sprinter, and he has run these remarkable times under conditions that ordinary sprinters could not do under the best of conditions. For example, when he went back east two years ago to the Penn relay carnival he got off the train and ran ten seconds on a muddy field. Then he got back on another train, rushed right back to Berkeley and ran 9 4-5 seconds on the Berkeley track, and was not off the train four hours.

His record of 5 3-5 made at the University of California track last year, is as solid a performance as the A. A. U. could ever wish to pass upon. On the same track he has also run 9 4-5 seconds twice and 10 seconds several times. Down South Drew has run some remarkable races and his 11 4-5 for 120 yards this season at Berkeley was about the last coast mark that he hung up.

Drew is not the Drew he was last year. He has lost weight and is not in the same fine physical condition that he was when he made his world's record.

DREW NOT THROUGH YET

OUT FOR HONORS IN 100—THAT IS IF FORM RETURNS—EXPLAINS HIS POOR HEALTH IN DETAIL—HIS DEFEAT HAD EFFECT ON OTHER COLORED ENTRANTS.

Republican 8-28 15

(Written for The Sunday Republican by Howard P. Drew, former national champion sprinter.)

The athletic contests recently held at the Panama exposition in San Francisco were the most remarkable ever held both for the fast times made and because of the new champions made, and old ones dethroned. The phenomenal time was due almost entirely to the strong wind which blew directly on the runner's backs in all races up to and including the 440-yard dash.

Roy Most Exceptionally Small.

McBride lowered my colors in the 220, but was unable to compete in the seniors. Little Roy Morse of the Salem Crescent club of New York ran away from him in the 100 by yards; then won the senior 220 from such men as Meyer, Smith and Ward. A 220 between those boys would be a wonder. Morse is a remarkable boy, his only drawback being his lack of weight. I believe he is the lightest boy ever to win a national title. He weighs only 125 pounds. The Colored boys failed to do as well as they are capable. My own poor showing had much to do with that. Morse lost a better place in the 100, and Howe failed. We had been training together and I was doing very well, having the edge on our workouts. Then to fail so dismally had its unfortunate effect upon them.

I suppose many of my friends are anxious to know what was the matter with me, and my critics desirous to know my alibi. To my friends I can say that I was weighed and found wanting. I have been bothered with throat trouble all year. I missed all of my final examinations because of illness, and was advised by my physician to have my tonsils cut out. I have been putting it off, but intend to do so very soon. I was told that the trouble itself is rheumatism or lung trouble. His prediction has come true. I taped my legs for the far western champions and kept it on until my last day of training. On that day I worked rather hard, doing a 100 in 9 4-5 with Howe and Morse, but "stoned up" my legs in so doing. That marked my doom, for I did not limber up, but became thoroughly "stoned up" with cold. In my race it was not my legs alone, but a lack of driving power. I could have endured the pain in my legs, for it was no worse than what I experienced at the Pennsylvania relays.

May Run Again.

Shall I race any more? Well that depends on how I come out of the repair shop. I am loathe to quit leaving any doubts in any anyone's mind as to a 100 yards. However, I do say as I have said before one year more of open competition closes my career on the track. I have never seen the same man's back twice at the tape, not even in the 220, which I do not profess to care for, but I am going to give every man a chance in the 100 who wants it; that is, if I find that I am going all right after repairs. My work on the trains is hard, but then I have been used to hard work all my life. I seem to thrive under it. I am not so old that work disagrees with me.

COLORED BOXER, FRENCH LIEUTENANT

The Amsterdam Dec 5 1915

(Special to The Amsterdam News.)

Paris, Jan. 2.—Bob Scanlon, a colored American light heavyweight, was to-day made a second lieutenant in one of the Algerian regiments at the front.

Scanlon hails from New York. His promotion is a reward for "spectacular and courageous service" while attached to the Legation Vonturs of Paris, a regiment composed of adventurists of nearly all nationalities. Scanlon left these shores seven years ago and repeatedly made good across the pond.

Independents Beat "Dummies."

The Independent "Big 6" of Jersey got revenge on the Deaf and Dumb Five at Douglass Auditorium, Orange, New Year's afternoon, by the score of 43 to 37. This is the second time that these teams have met this season, the "Dummies" capturing the first. The white boys seemed to have too much confidence at the start of the New Year, and therefore were a little rattled. The "Big 6" took advantage of this weak spot and played the game of their life.

When the "Dummies" saw the tide was turning from victory to defeat they resorted to rough tactics, but could not get away with it. The score at the end of the first half was: "Dummies," 19; "Big Six," 18.

In the second half the Orange boys came back strong and ran a big score up, with the assistance of Morse and his free throws. With but two minutes to play he (Morse) was knocked unconscious by a blow on the head, but before the expiration of five minutes was able to play again. Frye made 8 points, Morse 19 points, Hayes 4 points, B. Johnson 4 points, "Monk" Johnson 8 points.

Manager Ballard has mapped out a busy month for his "Big 6." On Friday evening, January 8, they play the big Incorporated "Machine" of N. Y. at Douglas Auditorium, Orange. The "Big 6" were the victims of the Incorporators Thanksgiving Day, but Ballard, with the assistance of Bel Evans, coach, former Orange High School star, is confident of upsetting Madden's boys. In the preliminary game the "Whirlwinds" will play the Athenians of Newark. On January 22, at Orange, the "Big 6" will tackle the St. Christopher team of St. Philip's. The Independents have been playing basketball for the last four years, and this is the first time that they have played St. C. on their home court.

On Jan. 28 the "Big 6" will play the Crescent A. C. at Atlantic City. From there they jump to Philadelphia on the 29th and play Clover A. C., and on the 30th they line up against the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. A game in Princeton on February 1 is pending. The Independents will get home in time to rest up for Alpha "Big 5" on February 5 at Orange.

ED ROGERS OWNER OF THE SPRUDELS AGAIN.

Famous Club Getting Ready for Season.

The Freeman 1915 Indianapolis

The likeness is a cut of Ed Rogers, the present owner of the famous Sprudel baseball club. Rogers is a well known baseball man having held the controlling interest in the Sprudel aggregation since 1910. He has a lineup this year under his sole management that will surpass any ever gotten together by the Springs.

With this bunch of players Rogers says he is sure to retain the Indiana championship, lost to the A B C's last season. "Hub" Miller, one of the Sprudel's famous spitball artists, will be seen again with the Sprudels. Miller is widely known as a hard man to beat, having pitched seventeen games last season and only losing five. Miller had the pleasure of beating his old team mates, the A B C's, last season and also shut out the White Sox, whom Miller likes to work against. Miller also beat the American Giants in 1913. Chappie Johnson, well known in baseball, will have sole management of the boys on the field. Chappie is widely known as the scientific ball player and one of the best receivers the world has ever produced. With Chappie and McMurry behind the bat, the combination cannot be beat. Jim Norman, Bingo DeMoss, Ted Kimbro, Dan Kinard, Geo. Brown, A. Dunbar, Ed. Harrison, Gilliard and McLaughlin, are others who will be seen with the Sprudels this season.

The Sprudels will have their opening game with the Salem, Ind., club; following with the famous Gunthers, of Chicago; then will come the Terre Haute, of the Central League; A B C's, White Sox and St. Louis Giants.

EDWARD ROGERS,
Owner of West Baden Sprudel Ball Club.

DREW ON 1915 ATHLETES

COLORED SPRINTER GIVES OPINIONS OF AMERICAN ATHLETES AS AN AUTHORITY OVER ALL REGARDLESS OF COLOR—SUCH RECOGNITION WOULD NEVER COME IN SEPARATE SCHOOLS—HAS COLUMN ARTICLE IN BOSTON POST.

The Guardian

(Boston Post, Jan. 10, 1915.)

Howard P. Drew, the colored sprinter from Springfield, who is now a student at the University of Southern California, reviewing the track season of 1914, finds little to gloat over, but predicts that 1915 will see many new records set up.

Drew covered the whole of the United States, from Los Angeles to the Atlantic seaboard, and from Canada to Texas, during 1914, and he took particular care to size up the athletes, he says. His observations and predictions are as follows in north:

"The year of 1915 promises to be an epoch-making one for track athletics here on the Pacific coast. Many of the 'old guard' will have passed from the field of active competition and in their places will be found younger men, but of no less ability. Some of the marks made by these past heroes which, when made, seemed to be the limit of human achievement, will be so badly beaten that we will cease to wonder at the past in contemplation of the present.

"The thing that impressed itself on my mind most was the failure of the well known athletes to hold their places at the top of the heap. One of the most remarkable performers of the past season was Homer Baker of the N. Y. A. C.

"Tom Halpin of the Boston Athletic Association had a very remarkable season, also. I saw him run 500 yards in one minute flat on a poor track. Tom's season was a series of triumphs until he met Meredith at the national championships at Baltimore, where he was beaten in a driving finish.

Praises Bill Meanix who Ran in Boston High With Irving Howe.

"The 440-yard hurdles event is one which calls for speed, a great amount of endurance and good form in hurdling. It was not thought that our boys would show much in this event but Bill Meanix of Harvard University and the B. A. A. surprised even the most optimistic sport lovers by winning in the remarkable time of 57 seconds without being pushed. This mark is only one second behind the world's record for the distance. When we see this lad running this event at the fair this year, where he will have a quarter-mile straightway, we may expect a new world's record.

Speaks of Colleague at Olympics.

"The sprints are likely to find almost a new crop of youngsters. Many of the older boys are not travelling as they have formerly done. Lippincott of the University of Pennsylvania has impaired his ability by shifting to the quarter. He will produce some very fine competition in the 220. Patterson, although failing to do anything here in America, ran some very cerditable races abroad. He is a fragile chap, and has to depend upon a very severe course of training to accomplish his best.

Speaks of Meyer, Whose Ambition Was to Defeat Drew.

"Reller of Cornell, who has finished second in the Intercollegiate 100-yard dash for two years, suffered a severe break-up a few weeks ago in an automobile accident. Bond and Seward of Michigan have both graduated and have about given up athletics. Alvah Meyer of the Irish-American A. C., also suffered an auto crash this year. It was really pitiable to see this boy, who has given me some of my hardest races, unable to get a place from a handicap of one and one-half yards.

Mentions Howe, Colored Sprinter.

"Charles Rice, my rival of schoolboy days, is sure to be heard from. Irving Howe of Colby College, Solomon Butler of the middle west, and Loomis of the Chicago A. A., are other likely contenders.

Jack Johnson did lay down to Willard, say many of the sporting fraternity. He laid down on a cosy and comfortable bed of greenbacks that must have run way into the thousands. Jack, they claim, is no fool about money matters, and if things, as many think were framed up and carried out according to a prearranged schedule, the ex-champ certainly made it worth his while. They further point out the fact that Willard, the new champion, is backed not by one person, but by a moneyed syndicate that could easily put up a sum sufficiently large to tempt even a champ.

Willard has already handed out much noise about drawing the color line. Others have tried it in the past with the result that the titles they held always looked a little bit phony. After Willard has waded through the mediocre class of white heavyweights and licked them all (if he's that good), can he withstand the strain of public opinion if the public demands that he meet some colored gladiator that has shown so much class that the champ looks like a boob alongside of him?

Howard Drew Equals Coast Record.

The New York Age Dec 23 1915

Berkeley, Calif., April 3.—Howard Drew, the star colored sprinter, conceding four yards' handicap to a fast field of starters in the California-Illinois games, equaled the Coast record for the 120-yard flat race made many years ago by Henderson. His time was 11 4-5 seconds.

Drew evidenced for the first time since his recent illness his top form, declaring that he was never in better condition than at present, and was eagerly looking forward to start in the Pennsylvania relay games to be held shortly.

Sports - 1915

The New York Age 4/29/15

Drew Wins at Penn U.

Franklin Drew, Philadelphia, was the hero of many deeds Friday and Saturday of last week, among which was the phenominal victory of Howard Drew in the 100 dash special. Drew competed against the pick of nineteen colleges among whom were such men as Baranick, western intercollegate 220-yard champion; Irving T. Howe, national 220-yard champion, and J. Patterson, intercollegiate 100-yard champion of 1913, joint holder of the record of 9.4-5 seconds. Drew failed to do better than ten seconds for the distance but that such men as have been enumerated, along with exactly forty others were from one to four-fifths of a second after him in breasting the tape. At no time did he seem in danger of being beaten by any member of his field.

Howe Off Form.

The failure of Irving T. Howe (Colby College) who beat Alvah Meyer the Irish American A. C. flyer here this past winter, to take a place was the disappointment of the meet. It had been supposed by Drew himself that Howe was the one man that would make him equal or break the record. However, one cannot say that Howe did not perform well, for he easily won his heat and took second in his semi-final, only to be closed out to fourth place in the finals.

As was predicted in last week's Age some good material was unearthed.

Binga Dismond of Chicago ran well in both the one and two mile events for his team. His classy running in the two mile event enabled Illinois to capture second place.

Pittsburg produced a fast boy in Jimmy Burwell. Running anchor for his team, he was touched off in last place, but by the time he crossed the tape he had pulled his team up to third place, for which he received a round of applause.

Seabrook of Manual Training High School, Brooklyn, made a very creditable showing in the high school relay championships. His case seemed almost hopeless when he was touched off in fourth place but manfully setting about his task he brough Manual in with second honors. He must have suprised himself in passing such men as Feurestein who was thought to have no peer in the "quarter."

Only one member of the Granger family showed in competition, that being the elder, Randolph, who ran the last leg of the relay for Dartmouth. He did not leave the pole till the leaders were nearly a quarter of a lap ahead of him which was too much of a handicap for him to overcome in a half mile. This was probably his last time to show in a Penn. meet but we can expect to see him on some of the local tracks soon. Leo, his brother, was the sub on the Dartmouth team.

JACK JOHNSON IN CUBA

The Age is in receipt of the following communication and clipping from Chas. E. Conick, Jr., of New York, relative to Jack Johnson in Cuba, which explains itself:

The New York Age 5/1/15

To the Sporting Editor of The Age:

As I feel the readers of your paper may be interested in the enclosed clipping from the Havana Post of April 14, 1915. This paper was bitterly opposed to Jack Johnson, but the scandle attending the windup of the affairs connected with the recent championship battle as far as the promoters, Curley, et al, were concerned, left rather a nasty taste in the mouths of the people who were prejudiced. As a matter of fact, Jack Johnson is certainly "in right," down here.

I expect to make Cuba my future home, and there are many interesting things here which I fancy would be of interest to you as a race man, and while I hold no brief—not original—for Jack Johnson, the fact remains that all classes of people held him in high esteem for the manner in which he conducted himself here.

While I have been here about six weeks, I have no direct knowledge of the following, but the information came to me from authentic sources, and that is, Johnson had tried to get accommodated in the Sevilla Hotel, a very "swell" place, but the manager refused to give him rooms. It seems that the owner of that hotel (one Gonales by name) heard of it and after ascertaining that it was true, promptly "fired" the man, saying that his money was as good as anybody's and as long as he behaved himself, he should have been accommodated. The hotel in which I with the people for whom I am working, live—The Louvre, another swell and conservative hotel, served Johnson and some of his followers at dinner several times in the main dining room. Some of the southern "prudes" of which this town has a number objected, but Sr. Castro, the proprietor told them if they did not like it they could go elsewhere that he was in business to make money and that Jack Johnson spent more money than they did. The Spanish and Cuban newspapers all had articles to the effect that as Johnson was a guest of the nation, no matter what was alleged against him in he States, the utmost of Cuban hospitality should be accorded him.

Though I will be busy in my new position, I shall be glad from time to time to send you some newsy items of this place as far as the black people are concerned, for many of them seem to be rich and prosperous, and I have yet to find any so-called "color-line" drawn in the hotels, cafes, restaurants, barber shops, etc.

CHS. E. CONICK, JR.

Following is the editorial in question published under the caption, "A Sermon in Black and White":

A sermon in black and whate exists in the comparison of the difference in the way in which Jack Johnson, the former champoin of the world, is leaving Havana, and the way some of his white colelagues left, who came here in the same conection. With the white men, or better stated, wtih the men with white skins, creditors had to rush down to the dock and with policemen to get their bills paid. The ones who got there late were left in the cold. Jack Johnson, on the other hand, has stayed behind and paid every bill that he owed and also out of his own private funds he has liquidated the bills of men who were left stranded because of the double dealing of others. Every obligation he contracted has been settled and when he leaves next week for Europe there will not be any one who can say that he ran away without paying his debts or that he ever tried in any way to obtain wrongfully the possesion of another. There is some contrast!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A reward will be given by THE AGE for any information leading to the whereabouts of Jess Willard, who quietly left New York over three weeks ago and has not been heard of since.

HAVANA FIGHT FILMS TO GO BEGGING HERE

Federal Statute Forbids Interstate Shipment, and Censor Board Will Protest.

Although the defeated Jack Johnson may have received a big sum for his work at Havana yesterday, neither he nor the winner will reap profits from the exhibition of the motion pictures of the battle in this country. The federal statute, which was passed shortly after the negro defeated Jeffries at Reno, prohibits the interstate shipment of such films.

W. D. McGuire, jr., secretary of the National Board of Censorship, said last night that he did not think it would be possible to ship the films by boat from Havana to New York and exhibit them in this state. He was positive that the board, though it has no legal powers, could prevent them from being shown.

George H. Bell, Commissioner of Licenses, said that the prizefight films would not come under his jurisdiction. He pointed out yesterday that it was a federal and not a city law which governed them. He is just now busy protesting against the exhibition of the "Twilight Sleep" pictures which were scheduled for the West End Theatre this week. If there were any way, he said, of evading the federal law and exhibiting the fight pictures in this city a situation extremely unlikely—he would protest against such an action.

NEGRO PREACHERS GLAD WILLARD WON

Race Tension Eased by Black Man's Defeat, They Say—Lacked Mental Balance.

Clergymen in the churches of "Little Africa" in Harlem agreed last night that it was a good thing to have Jack Johnson defeated. They were sure it would relieve the tension between the black race and the white and thought it might be good for Mr. Johnson.

"Such brutal competition," said the Rev. R. H. Bolden, pastor of the First Emanuel Church, in West 130th Street, "tends to create bad feeling between the two races. I think it develops prejudice. I do not believe that when Mr. Johnson won the title from Mr. Jeffries that he brought any glory or credit to the colored people."

Johnson's victory over Jeffries, Mr. Bolden thought, demonstrated only that the black race could produce men of great physical power and fistic cunning. The ex-champion's subsequent behavior, he considered, did little to prove the mental balance of his race.

"By losing the title," he asserted, "I believe that Mr. Johnson did much to improve relations between white people and colored, and his defeat may also serve to bring out his own finer qualities."

SAM McVEY DISCOUNTS THE BIG FIGHT

The New Amsterdam News 4/16/15

Following with interest the many rumors going the rounds to the effect that "Jack" Johnson "gave up" at Havana, Cuba, to Jess Willard, Sam McVey further points the finger of suspicion at the big fight.

Sam says "Johnson never did train like a man who was getting ready for a big fight." This discredits the report that "Jack" was surreptitiously training with McVey for the discomfiture of the big Kansan. As a matter of fact, Sam reports that Johnson "just took a walk every day" and that his gymnasium stuff didn't amount to anything. He started out right when he landed there, but after the first week he wasn't so brisk. I think something had happened.

"I wouldn't have thought so much about it if the fight had been for twenty or twenty-five rounds, but one day I said to him: 'Jack, forty-five rounds is a long way from home, man,' and he simply looked at me and said, 'You think so?' but did no different in his training preparations."

"When Jack was walking back to his corner after the knockout, he winked at me, and Bob Armstrong said:

"'There, you see what money will do.'

"Jack never seemed to be worried about anything before the fight and was just as happy afterward as ever. When he got home his wife was crying, and he says:

"'Don't cry, I have got something to tell you,' and then he whispered to her and she laughed."

George Lawrence, an Australian, who manages McVey, seems to think much the same. He says he had 500 pounds bet on Jack, but managed to call it off at the last minute. What caused him to do so he did not say.

McVey picks Frank Moran, Jim Coffey, George Carpentier and Gunboat Smith as four white men he thinks can best Willard. He did not try to enumerate the colored men that can.

A NEGRO OF HONEST FAME.

(From the Hudson Dispatch, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Joe Jeanette, Negro, has retired from the prize ring, quitting the so-called profession after years of honest ring battles. So far as fighting goes, he was a credit to that kind of sport. He always put up a good fight—the best that was in him—and that is the reason he was always so popular and such a good drawing card. He was temperate in his habits and was always fit to fight. It may seem paradoxical, but he was a merciful fighter; he was not a brute; he never took advantage of a man whom he outclassed by giving him the beating that would have been possible. In basketball, in which game he is also a star, he could display his marvellous strength to make opponents look ridiculous, if he so desired, but he never toyghed it, and always devoted his energies to "straight" playing. Jess Willard has drawn the color line, and Jeanette does not care to fool around with the left-over white hopes. He wanted to be champion, and was right in that class when at the height of his prime. Although some people look down upon Negroes, no white man ever conducted himself better in any branch of the sport than Joe Jeanette; he shares with the late Peter Jackson the good will of the white people. They were two great Negroes who were a credit to their race.

Roy Morse at Michelin Meet.

Representatives of the Salem Crescent Club participated in three meets on Labor Day and won four first prizes. In the 100-yard dash Roy Morse and Herman Foster won while A. D. Pendleton won the 150-yard run and John Brunson won the 1000-yard run. Several second prizes were captured.

Roy Morse of the Salem Crescent made his first appearance in the East since his return from San Francisco, where he was winner in the 20-yard senior championship at the Michelin games at New Brunswick, N. J.

In the Evening Globe Howard Valentine tells of Morse's performance on Labor Day as follows:

"The bright, particular star of the Michelin games was that little colored lad from Harlem named Roy Morse. It was Morse's first "in form" appearance in the east since he triumphed in the 220-yard senior championship at San Francisco, and he showed us well how he outran the best sprinter in the land on the Exposition track. Morse was a bit nervous in his heat and broke twice. This put him two yards behind scratch, but when he finally got going to a fair start he picked up beautifully and qualified handily in 10 1-5 seconds. As Morse was running 102 yards this was practically a ten-second performance.

In the final Morse removed all doubts as to his ability to do "evens." The colored flyer came along with a tremendous rush in the last twenty-five yards and won the closest kind of a decision from Lippincott of the Knights of St. Antony, who ran off seven yards. Sylvester Johnston, the "Knights'" star dasher, who started from one and a half yards, was third, scarcely eighteen inches back. It was a rattling finish."

At the Michelin games the St. Christopher A. C., with B. T. Harvey, Le Granger, William Stokley and Harol Richardson won the medley relay race A team representing the Salemites finished third.

At Great Neck, L. I., Herman Foster of Salem Crescent A. C. won the century race from scratch in 10 2-5 seconds

On the same field John Brunson captured first prize in the 1000-yard run with a handicap of 21 yards. A brilliant sprint on the home stretch gave Brunson the victory by less than two yards.

The Salem-Crescent runners at Yonkers also gave a good account of themselves. A. D. Pendleton won a clever victory in the 150-yard dash. Pendleton defeated Sanger and Holloway of the New York A. C., in a furious finish

breasting the tape just half a yard ahead of Sanger.

O. Hawkins placed second in the 600-yard run and the Salem Crescent relay team placed third in the one-mile relay race.

CHICAGO FLYER IS VICTOR IN THE 440-YARD DASH

Binga Dismond Stars at Pittsburgh Games—Wins the Four-Forty With East—Delaney Rifles Take Second in Relay Race.

(Special to the Chicago Defender.)

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 16.—H. Binga Dismond, star quarter-miler of the University of Chicago, came to Pittsburgh Saturday and so marvelous was his work that the entire athletic world is still talking about him. He entered the Pittsburgh Press games and won. So wonderful was his work that the Pittsburgh Press (white) has the following to say about him:

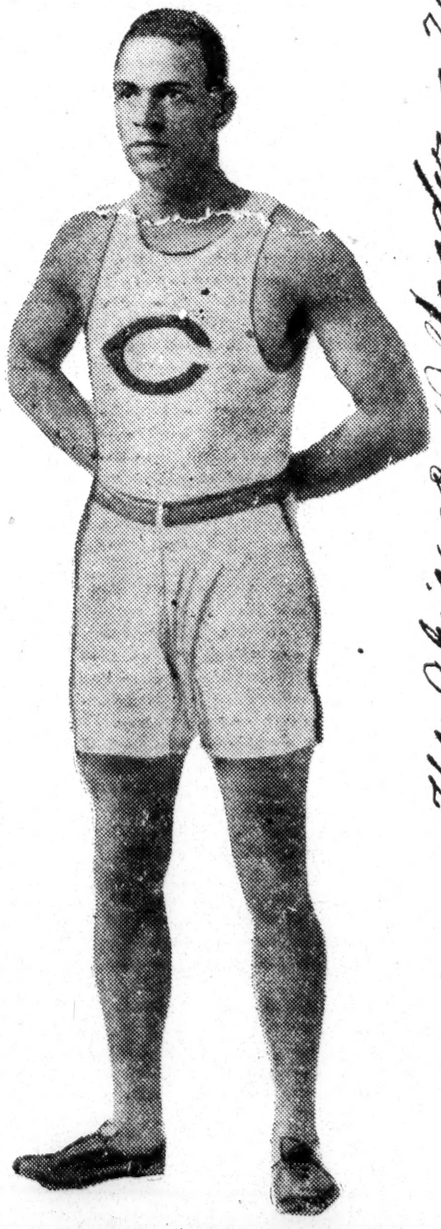
"H. B. Dismond, the * * * flier from the University of Chicago, had things all his own way in the 440-yard dash, in The Press meet at Forbes Field yesterday. Dismond is undoubtedly one of the fastest quarter-milers that has performed in the Steel City for many moons, and it was a pity that the local boys who were entered weren't able to give him a stiffer battle. His winning time was 501-5 seconds, which was very fast considering the fact that no one forced him to exert himself. Dismond is a remarkably built athlete, one who has just the right proportions to chock off the 440 dash in record time.

"Lawrence Holland, of the Indiana Normal School, who hails from Wellsville, O., and who is slated to enter the University of Pittsburgh next fall, was second place man. He beat out Dunseith, the Carnegie Tech quarter-miler, who was running under the P. A. A. Holland is employed this summer with Westinghouse Airbrake Co. and competed under their colors yesterday. He won the 440-yard dash on the Schenley Oval on the Fourth and is a good man, although not in the class with Dismond.

"It was a real treat to see the speed wonder eat up the distance around the Forbes Field track and when he broke the tape many yards ahead of his rivals he was accorded an ovation.

"H. B. Dismond, a superb specimen of young manhood, won the 440-yard dash for the University of Chicago amid the wildest applause. The athlete made a remarkable run that stamped him as a real champion.

"More than one sport sharp made the assertion that if Dismond had had stronger competition he might have bettered the remarkable record he made when he established the Western Conference Collegiate record of 49 flat for the same distance. Dismond then made faster time than did Ted Meredith of the University of Pennsylvania in the east this year. He is a University of Chicago man. The reference made to the strength of his competition is no reflection on those who ran with him, who made the gamest kind of a fight for first place, and made very good time."



Desmond, Human Grayhound.

ECHOES OF THE BIG FIGHT

Talk concerning the Johnson-Willard fight has not [illegible] down. Sam McVey on his arrival in the United States from the scene of the big mess gave out the following interview. McVey was one of Johnson's handlers and consequently is supposed to be in the know to a certain extent. A lot of people will place much credence in what he is reported to have said:

"Jack never did train like a man who was getting ready for a hard fight. He didn't do any road work. He just took a walk every day. His gymnasium stuff didn't amount to anything. He started out all right when he landed there but after the first week he wasn't so brisk. I think something had happened.

"I wouldn't have thought so much about it if the fight had been for twenty or twenty-five rounds; but I says to him one day: 'Jack,' I says, 'forty-five rounds is a long way from home, man.' And he just looked at me and says, 'You think so'; but he didn't do no different.

"When the fight was about to begin I had his gloves, but he wouldn't put 'em on right away. 'You hold them until I sign a paper,' he says, and he waited right there in his corner until he had signed the agreement that gave him 50 per cent of the pictures and the management of the European rights.

"That fellow Willard walked into him mighty confident for a man who had never met a big fighter, it seemed to me. I thought Jack ought to have been able to do more to him than he did for a while, even if he had gone back. Anybody would think Willard would have the same notion, but he never seemed to be scared about anything Jack might do.

"When Jack was walking back to his corner after the knockdown he winked at me, and Bob Armstrong said:

"'There, you see what money will do.'

"Jack never seemed to be worried about anything before the fight, and was just as happy afterward as ever. When he got home his wife was crying around, and he says:

"'Don't cry, I've got something to tell you,' and then whispered to her and she laughed.

"Between the rounds Jack never said a word to us about how he felt. He never said he was tired, or anything like that. He just asked the number of the rounds. He didn't fight Willard like he knew anything about fighting at all, because that Willard cannot fight. Leaving out all us colored fellows, I can name four white men who can lick him, and it looked to me like Johnson could have done better.

"I tried to get a fight with Johnson and he promised me a match, but said it would be only for ten rounds, and that it would have to be fixed. Yet he insisted on boxing Willard forty-five rounds. If it had been twenty or twenty-five, I could understand it, but where did an old man like him have the right to think he could go forty-five?"

BINGA DISMOND BREAKS CENTRAL A. A. U. RECORD

Wins the Quarter Mile With Ease In Saturday's Games—Will Travel to 'Frisco Fair.

Binga Dismond, star quarter miler of the Chicago University track team, came through as expected and won the quarter mile event at the Central A. A. U. games which were held at Marshall Field last Saturday. Binga won his trial heat in 50 and 4-5, then came back and furnished the sensation of the meet by losing the field and winning in 49, breaking the Central A. A. U. record and crossing the line in almost a walk.

Dismond drew the pole and at the crack of the gun he was off in front ahead of Osborn and the cracks of the Chicago and the Illinois athletic association men. Dismond's time was better than that made at Cambridge. Howe's time in the two-twenty at Cambridge was better than the time made here.

None in Intercollegiates.

(By Herman E. Foster.)

For the first time since the days of John B. Taylor, a colored athlete has failed to win a place or be among the competitors in the annual Intercollegiate A. A. A. championships. From the Time Taylor first scored points for Pennsylvania up to the present, a colored athlete has won a college championship or has been a close contender and runner-up. When J. B. Taylor dropped out of college athletics Theo. Cable and A. J. Jackson, both of Harvard, came into prominence. Then came Wm. R Granger of Dartmouth and Ben Bowzer of Syracuse. To-day we have Irving T. Howe of Colby.

Howe was scheduled to run in the sprint races in the college championships last Saturday when he was declared ineligible at the last moment. The Granger brothers—William and Leo—were entered in the 880-yard and [illegible] Star, Not "Placed" in Intercollegiates.

one-mile runs, but failed to show.

While the intercollegiate championships were being run off in Philadelphia the high school championships were being held in Brooklyn. Among the winners were John Bonaparte of Morris H. S., and Frank Jenkins of Far Rockaway H. S. Bonaparte ran second in the 100-yard dash, but won his specialty, the 220-yard dash, in 23 3-5 seconds. Jenkins failed to duplicate his performance of last year and only ran second in the 880-yard run. He won the one-mile run in easy fashion. Both Bonaparte and Jenkins are record holders at the distances in which they competed.

Entry blanks are out for the Salem-Crescent A. C. Dismond meet on June 26.

Schedules of sanctioned athletic meets for June, 1915:

June 5—New York A. C., Travers Island, N. Y.

June 5—St. John's College, Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 13—Irish-American A. C., Celtic Park, L. I.

June 13—Hungarian-American A. C. Maspeth, L. I.

June 19 — Senior Metropolitan Champs, Travers Island, N. Y.

June 26—Salem-Crescent A. C. Lenox Oval.

R. GRAINGER.

BUTLER BROTHERS ARE INSEPARABLE

"Sol," the Athletic Marvel from Rock Island High School, and His Resourceful and Business-like Brother Ben Visit Defender Office.

"Sol" Butler, the athlete from Rock Island, Ill., who equaled the world's record four times in sixty-yard dashes and broke the record as a jumper and leaper, was in the Defender office on Saturday, accompanied by his brother, Benjamin.

The Butler brothers are inseparable. Ben, who wrote a book on his brother's athletic feats, is an earnest and shrewd man of affairs. They are on their way to California and will return later to their home at Hutchinson, Kan. "Sol" Butler put Hutchinson, Kan., on the map last year, and the citizens of Hutchinson are preparing to give a big reception to the Butler brothers. Kansas avenue, three miles long, will be lit up with special electric lights to honor the world's champion runner. The business men of that city are going to send them to Harvard University next year, and when they finish there they will send them abroad to get their finishing touches. All the Hutchinson, Kan., people are interested in these young men for bringing such great honor to their home city. Since "Sol" Butler has won the championship that city has gone higher in the commercial and business world and attracted attention in ways heretofore unknown.

Sports—1915

THE WILLARD-JOHNSON PICTURES.

It will be interesting to see just how widespread and emphatic the demand will be that the moving pictures portraying the big fight at Tavana be not exhibited. In 1910 when the negro Johnson "knocked out" the white man Jeffries such a hue and cry went up in all the leading cities against the moving picture reproduction of the fight, the displays were summarily stopped.

It is devoutly hoped that the same forces working for public decency, will be marshalled at the present time to ban the degrading exhibition at Havana.—Selma Times.

The Jeffries-Johnson pictures were suppressed beause the negro won; their exhibition in that case would necessarily have created bitter feeling between the races wherever the pictures were shown. In reality, the Jeffries-Johnson pictures were more harmful than the Willard-Johnson pictures will be.

We agree with The Times that the fight game as represented at Havana is a brutal thing, and a practice to be discouraged. We should not be surprised later to learn that this is probably the last great heavyweight finish fight. We certainly hope it is the last fight between a white man and a negro. But we have no doubt that the pictures will be generally exhibited in this country.

Roy Morse.

HOWARD P. DREW.

Our Colored Brethren.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch.

I believe that the good colored people would like to have the good white people knew that they are enemies of prize fighting. And there is no reason why we should feel piqued, or should be disturbed because of the result of the Willard and Johnson fistic encounter. Or is it natural that there should be understood and condoned displays of hostility toward negroes because of their color? Isn't this a boycott on the intelligence, spirituality and morals of the good negroes, and on the sympathy and generosity of the good white people, and also of the church and the state?

The Hon. Eugene W. Chafin, at the risk of his life, rescued me at Springfield, Ill., in 1908, during the riot there and I am glad to have lived long enough to protest against such thought and action due to an unrighteous purpose and a weak will.

W. L. EDWARDS.

Sports – 1915

GRANGER AND CRIPPEN WINNERS AT FIREMEN'S

Former Takes 900-Yard Feature Event —Latter Annex Century—Other Colored Victors.

At the annual games of Local Union No. 56 of Eccentric Firemen, held Sunday at Celtic Park, the 900-yard invitation Eccentric Firemen's Derby that featured the athletic program was carried off by William R. Granger, Jr., the Dartmouth College runner, who represents the Irish-American A. C. of this city. Granger finished one yard ahead of Willie Gordon, one-mile senior Metropolitan champion.

C. H. Crippen of the Salem-Crescent A. C. annexed the honors for the 100-yard dash, defeating M. Prince of Brooklyn A. A. (second), and J. P. Moonan, unattached (third). Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

R. McDougal, representing the St. Christopher, took second place in the one-mile run, novice. W. Jackson of Salem-Crescent took third place in the same event. Both runners were defeated by J. Nutly, unattached.

The relay team of the Salem-Crescent A. C. nosed out second place in the 880-yard relay race, handicap. This event was won by Knights of St. Antony (11 yards). Salem-Crescent, second (31 yards). L. Jackson, L. Minyard, A. K. Smith and B. Lauder.

At the meeting of the Keansburg A. C. held at the club's field, Keansburg, N. J., two colored athletes showed up second in two events. L. La Beet of Salem-Crescent took second place in the 300-yard dash, handicap. The event was won by M. Shea, Pastime A. C. (2 yards), La Beet (5 yards) second, and T. C. Young, Michelen A. C. (6 inches) third. Time, 34 1-5.

Herman Foster, Salem-Crescent, made second place in the 100-yard dash, handicap. Harry Buhler, Bronx Church House (2½ yards), first; Foster (2 yards), second; L. C. Hartman, unattached (3 yards), third. Time, 10 2-5 seconds.

SOLOMON BUTLER BREAKS IOWA BROAD JUMP RECORD

His Individual Work Places Rock Island, Ill., High School in Tie for Second Place at Iowa City, One and One-third Points Behind Winning Team.

NEXT RUN DECIDES MEET.

Eighth Interscholastic Held in Downpour of Rain and on Soggy Track—Butler Individual Star.

(Special to the Chicago Defender.)

Iowa City, Iowa, May 21.—Not until the deciding event was run off was the eighth interscholastic decided. It was won by Davenport high with a total of 28⅓ points after one of the closest meets ever held in this state. Butler, the giant athlete from the Rock Island high school, was the individual star. Against over a hundred athletes from twenty-two high schools Butler was pitted, and although the track was soggy and it poured down rain all afternoon Butler totaled 23 of Rock Island's 27 points, placing his school in a tie for second place and only 1⅓ points from first. He was the admiration of those who braved the weather to see the great classic run. Butler took four first places and one second, winning the field championship and the individual championship. He smashed the state record in the running broad jump, raising it from 21 feet ¾ inch to 22 feet 2½ inches. Most of his work was remarkable, and had the track been in any condition several records would have fallen.

RAY MORSE OF NEW YORK IS STAR OF ATHLETIC MEET

TORONTO, Sept. 11.—Roy Morse of New York was the star of the Canadian National Athletic meet today, winning the 100 and 220 yard sprints, the former in 10 seconds, flat, and the latter in 21 1-5 seconds. Abel Kiviat of New York won the 1,000 yard special, beating Ted Meredith of Philadelphia, and Jack Tressider, the Canadian champion in 2:27 1-5.

George Goulding, world's champion walker, made a new Canadian record when he came home alone from scratch in 13:15 3-5.

Hannes Koehmainen, the New York Finlander, started at scratch in a three-mile handicap in which he conceded all competitors from 30 seconds to 11-2 minutes. He wore them all down except Dellow, the Canadian marothoner, who finished first, and Joyce of Buffalo, who finished second. The Finn's time was 15:16 1-5.

Famous Athletes

By JAMES RAVENELL

NO. 2

Irving K. Howe

Since H. Drew won the 100-yard junior national championship in 1[illegible] not a year has slipped by without producing a colored A. A. U. title holder.

Irving Howe is the proud possessor of the latest national championship, having won it last week at Madison Square Garden in the A. A. U. track and field meet.

In this meet Howe won the 75-yard dash, defeating Alvah T. Meyer, the former title holder, and incidentally coming within one-fifth of Drew's record of 7 3-5 seconds, Howe's time being 7 4-5 seconds.

At the Smart Set meet in 1913 he showed that he was quite a quarter miler by running a close second to Ted Meredith in the "John B. Taylor Memorial Quarter."

Howe ran his most sensational race in the New England Association championship held in Brookline, Mass., June 28, 1913.

In this race Howe, competing for the North Dorchester A. A., was pitted against A. S. Robinson, who had just been clocked in the wonderful time of 20 4-5 for the "220," and Fred Burns, of the Boston A. A., the 300-yard indoor national champion. He defeated both of these men in the great time of 22 1-5 seconds, acknowledged by the A. A. U. authorities as one of the best performances of the year.

Winning championships is nothing new to Howe. He started with the junior national 220-yard title in 1913, the New England Association 220 in the same year, the national 220 at Baltimore last September, and the national 75 last week.

Binga Dismond Wins Two Medals.

Mr. Binga Dismond Binga, cousin of Mr. Jesse Binga, the banker, brought off the honors for the [illegible] University [illegible] Saturday night at the fifth annual indoor conference meet at Patten gymnasium, Northwestern Avenue. A crowd of 3000 was treated with a surprise. Chicago University gained eight points and smashed the first record in the dash. Continuing the dash, three Maroons, led by Dismond, took eight points in the quarter mile and hung up a new record of :52 as against Sanders' mark of :52-45. Hotchins, of Northwestern, came in two yards behind Dismond. In the 440-yard dash Dismond won. He now holds a gold and silver medal. D. L. Ferguson, a student of the Ohio State University, ran in the half-mile contest and came in fifth, but no place. Dismond was the hero of the evening. When he was closing his mile dash, enthusiasts from Chicago University were heard to yell, "Come on, Dismond"; come on, Dismond." Coach Stagg was very proud of him and he was crowned with the laurels of the evening.

NEGROES REFUSE TO BET ON JACK

Await Word from Johnson Before Taking Chance on Juarez Fight.

BY WALTER H. ECKERSALL.

That Jack Johnson, heavyweight champion of the world, who meets Jess Willard for the world's title at Juarez on March 6, will enter the ring practically unbacked by the colored population of Chicago is the opinion of Jack's stanchest supporters in the black belt on the south side.

Even those who have backed him in all his important fights are skeptical about wagering on the title holder in the contest. A feeling of uncertainty pervades the belt and unless something definite is heard from the champion when he reaches the battleground Johnson will go to the post practically without followers.

Await Word from Johnson.

In the old days when gambling was allowed in Chicago there were several negroes who made money running dice games, roulette, etc. Most of these men are in business on the south side. Their past experiences have taught them not to wager money unless they have a chance to win. For this reason they do not intend to bet a cent on the battle unless word is received from Johnson.

"It looks like a bad fight to me," said one who has known Johnson for years. "Even if Johnson wins what is left for him to do? He cannot fight in this country, and there are few opportunities for him to make money in Europe. The pictures may be shown in England, but I do not think they would be allowed in this country.

Rumors of "Flopping."

"If reports are true that Jack needs money there is a chance he may be bought off. I understand the syndicate which is to stage the fight has enough money to offer Johnson a substantial sum to 'flop.'"

Bill Lewis, another friend of Johnson's and an old time gambler, said: "A man would be a chump to bet on the fight until he knew the condition of Johnson. He has been on the water for a long time and he could not get the desired work aboard a ship to fit him for such a hard battle. Even if he arrives in Juarez tomorrow he will not have time enough to get into condition to battle a man of Willard's type.

Negro Needs Much Work.

"Johnson needs a lot of work to get into shape to beat Willard, who is a better man than most persons believe. He is big, strong, and has the kick of a mule in his right hand. To my mind the matter of condition will decide the contest."

When Johnson beat Jeffries at Reno there was little betting on the fight until two days before the contest. Word was received from Johnson by a gambler in the belt that he would surely win. The tip went out and every cent of Jeffries' money was covered in a short time.

Although there are many who believe Willard has a chance to beat Johnson, there is one person who thinks Jack is the greatest fighter in the world and will beat Willard as easily as he did Jeffries. That person is Mrs. Tiny Johnson, mother of the champion.

PRAISE FOR GRANGER

(By Howard Valentine, Evening Globe Writer on Sports.)

Randolph Granger, the Dartmouth middle distance, is making a record for himself this summer. The colored boy who lives in Newark added to his already long list of laurels last Sunday afternoon by making a smashing race at the Eccentric Firemen's games. Granger outran Willie Gordon, the metropolitan mile champion, and Joe Bromlow, the local half-mile title holder, in as pretty a race as has been seen at Celtic Park in many a day.

Granger is one of the few schoolboy stars who made good later on in his career, and in this respect the colored flyer owes much to Harry Hillman, the Dartmouth track coach. Hillman gave Granger nearly a whole year of rest when he went to Dartmouth, and after that sent him out for 'cross country work. The long, easy work developed Granger's lungs and legs handsomely, and he has been a different runner ever since.

Granger formerly ran his races "all the way," but this summer, especially he has developed a terrific sprinting ability. It was with this that he whipped Bromlow and Gordon at Celtic Park last Sunday afternoon.

DREW, COLORED SPRINTER TO RETIRE FROM TRACK

Springfield, Mass., Aug. 8.—Howard F. Drew, the track athlete, of this city announced his intention to retire from racing, in a signed statement published here to-day. Telegraphing from the Panama Pacific Exposition field, where yesterday he was beaten in the 100-yard dash event of the senior A. A. U. track and field meet, Drew said:—

"I was bothered with my legs a great deal to-day in the race so that I pulled up lame at the finish. I have been in poor physical condition, for I now weigh only 150 pounds and that is much below my normal. I want to say right here that I am through the open competition after this year."

Howard Drew Completes Quartette of Star Athlete

Los Angeles, Cal., July 19.—(Special.)—Howard P. Drew, who has reconsidered his declaration to retire for a year, and who will enter the championship games at the Fair Aug. 6, making a quartet of star race athletes, Dismond, Drew, Howe and Martin.

HENRY BUTLER OF TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL, OF INDIANAPOLIS.

(By Edward Knox.)

At the twelfth annual track and field meet of the Indiana State High School Athletic Association, May 15th, when Butler, of Technical High School, lowered the half mile record by a second, there seemed to be born another Binga Dismond among the colored people. Much credit should be given Butler, for he was the only boy from any of the Indianapolis schools to win a "place." Butler received a gold medal for his work, which makes his second one.

Butler will finish high school this year, and should he continue with his athletic course, there is no doubt but what he will develop into a champion sprinter. Should he decide to cast aside his running togs, he would be able to work with machinery. He is very intelligent along this line and conducts a class in machinery at his school. Butler received very much praise through the white papers, and he certainly deserved every line of it.

LAPSLEY, MICHIGAN, SPRINTER WINS DASH AT INDOOR MEET

New York, March 15. (Special).—A. B. Lapsley, junior medic representing Michigan at Syracuse, N. Y., last Saturday night, beat the field by a full yard in the 40-yard dash, equaling the Syracuse gym record of 4.45, held by Reidpath, the Olympic quarter-mile champion. The eastern judges, in face of the obvious results, gave the race to one of Lapsley's team mates, O'Brien, and announced that the colored flier was second. The occasion is worthy of interest in that this is the first time in the history of Michigan track athletics that a colored man has been taken on a trip for an out of town meet, heretofore limiting their participation only to home affairs. Michigan won by the close score of 40-37.

JOE TIBBS PASSES THROUGH CITY.

The Syracuse football team passed through Chicago Sunday on their way to the coast where they will play Occidental college and the Oregon State, which defeated Oregon Aggies, winners over Michigan Aggies, who defeated Michigan University, which tied Pennsylvania. Syracuse has with them Joe Tibbs, who plays left tackle. Tibbs is a graduate of the "M" St. high school in Washington, D. C.

A World-Famous Athlete.

That the younger generation of colored people of this city is falling in no wise behind their elders in way of achievement is conclusively proved by two notable examples—Howard P. Drew and Nathan L. Burnett. Drew has already become a national figure and his career is so well known that little need be said about him here. He has always lived in this city and after completing his early education in the grammar and high schools here went to the university of Southern California where he has been reported to be remarkably efficient in his studies. He first attracted attention in the city games at Forest park on July 4, 1906, when he won the 100-yards dash in remarkably fast time. He was proficient in baseball and football, but has devoted himself chiefly to running, and in the 100-yards event knows no superior. At the last Olympic games, held in Stockholm, Drew was expected to be one of the star performers, but unfortunately an injury kept him out of the running. He has since, however, entered many races and is apparently unbeatable at his distance. Many think that he has not even yet reached the top of his form.

SOL BUTLER WILL STAY WITH COACH H. N. ROI

Hutchinson's Star Negro Athlet Will Enter Lake Forest, Ill., College Next Fall.

Sol Butler, who graduated from the Rock Island, Ill., high school on Thursday, will enter Lake Forest college next fall. Coach Herbert N. Ro under whose training Butler has gained supreme interscholastic athletic honors, will be the athletic mentor o that school, and the dusky Hutchinson athletic star will follow him t Lake Forest, Ill., for further tutoring.

Butler will not return home for several weeks yet, as he has been entered in the interscholastic invitation mee of the University of Kansas. There are 215 entries in the meet.

A Chicago paper says of Butler:

"Solomon Butler, the dusky athlet from Rock Island high school, wh last year carried off the individua honors as the representative of th Hutchinson, Kan., high school, ha ed both dashes, the hurdles, high jump, shotput and discus throw. His record for versatility is matched by that of Lord Smart, a former winner also, of La Grange high school. Smart will compete in the furlong, half mile, low and high hurdles, and the broad and high jumps. His teammate, Fey, will enter the 220, the hurdle race, and the jump."

ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS

MAR 6 - 1915

NEGRO CLUB IS ORGANIZED

Afro-American Athletic Body Is Put on Permanent Basis With Seventy-eight Charter Members.

The Afro-American Athletic association was organized permanently by a meeting of sixty negroes of St. Paul last night at the St. James African Methodist church, Fuller avenue and Jay street. These reported that eighteen others have taken memberships, making a total of seventy-eight charter members.

A campaign will be started at once for a membership of 200, which it is hoped to get by the time the new Union hall on Aurora avenue near Kent street is completed. This is expected to be ready by July 1.

O. C. Hall was elected president; M. A. Bowling, vice president; Henry Crawford, secretary; William Alexander, treasurer, and Samuel L. Ransom, chairman of the membership committee.

TO LEAVE NEGRO ALONE.

Officials In Washington Deny Attempt to Extradite Johnson.

Washington, April 7.—Assistant Attorney General Wallace, in charge of each justice department prosecutions as Jack Johnson's, expressed surprise at reports that an attempt was to be made to arrest the ex-champion in Havana and return him to Chicago. The cases beginning antedated his time in office, he said.

He declared he knew nothing about it and denied that he had given instructions concerning it to the federal district attorney in Chicago.

ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS

28 APR 1915

NEGRO CLUB GROWS FAST.

More Than 100 Join Athletic Association in Two Weeks.

Within the past two weeks more than 100 members have been enrolled in the St. Paul negroes' athletic organization and the two teams on the membership committee believe the number will reach the 400 mark within thirty days.

H. R. Crawford, general secretary, says that a better "get together" spirit never has been manifest by the negroes of St. Paul, all of them realizing that the Afro-American Athletic association will help the race develop its own salvation and make stronger, healthier and better men out of all its members.

Sports—1915

DISMOND WINS CONFERENCE QUARTER THOUGH CRIPPLED

Binga Dismond went into the trials of the "440" at the conference meet Friday at Champaign, Ill., held under the auspices of the University of Illinois. His chances looked poor, as he hurt himself in the Illinois-Chicago dual meet two weeks ago when the maroon team surprised everyone by running away with Coach Hill's track squad.

However, the big fellow showed that there wasn't a semblance of a yellow streak, and with his leg bandaged about the knee romped home winner Friday in the first trial heat. Cornwall and Breathed came through one-two in the second. This placed the maroons with three last men in this event. Saturday, his leg still bothering him as he went to the starting line, he won the event in the remarkable time of 49⅕ seconds. Dismond was not only unfortunate in being injured, but was also unfortunate in getting a "punk" start. However, he showed more grit than any man that has heretofore worn the maroon "C."

With his jaws set with determination he worked his way by the field and hit the last hundred yards with a good stride, despite a tendency to limp, and crossed the line amid cheers from the opposing factions. Binga has made better time than this.

Talking to Coach Merriam of Ames about Dismond, Merriam said simply: "He's unbeatable." The big fellow has a record that is to be envied for years to come. This winter he lowered the indoor record at Chicago University, at Ohio State, at Purdue, at Wisconsin and at Madison, and came within ⅕ second of doing so at Northwestern. In every meet that the University of Chicago has entered him in the quarter he has won first place, except the Illinois meet, when he was robbed of third place after turning eight to his school in clocking O'Mera and letting Cornwall and Johnny Breathed tear across the line one-two as thousands of Chicago students stood and cheered for him. In this race the plucky fellow ran with an injured leg, having done so in the "220," which had been run 30 minutes previous, and in which he surprised everyone, even the "old owl," by taking the silver medal and adding three points to Stagg's column. He has been the mainstay of the relay team. His most creditable event was the First Regiment games as Stagg entered the maroon quartet—Cornwall, Stegeman, Breathed and Dismond—at the eleventh hour Against them were the C. A. A. and I A. C. teams. The latters' coach had predicted they would take all three places. The maroons entered the affray a dark horse, but were backed by hundreds of rooters with their heartbreaking "Go, Chicago, Go." Dismond was handed the bunting two full yards behind, but tore out and closed up. The followers of the maroons called, "Come on, Dismond!" and he came. He won, and you know the rest. There was more excitement in that building than there was at Washington Park in the betting ring when El Rey San Anita won the derby.

TRACK NOTES

By HERMAN E. FOSS

The Pennsylvania Relay Carnival, held last Friday and Saturday at Philadelphia, was the meeting which attracted some of the greatest athletes in the country. The fact that the meet extended over a period of two days gives some intimation as to the size of the entry field, and the large number of events down for decision.

Philadelphia's weather man ordered two ideal days for the occasion, which were delivered according to schedule. Hardly ever have weather conditions been more favorable for an outdoor meet in these parts.

Howard P. Drew, the wonderful colored sprinter, who complained of a sprained tendon on Friday, won the hundred yard dash on Saturday in 10 seconds flat. Although Drew did not run the century in 9⅗, as many expected; it must be taken into consideration that running a hundred yards in 10 seconds three times in one afternoon is a fine achievement. Irving T. Howe, the national indoor champion, started in the same event. Howe ran his trial heat in 10⅕ seconds, but finished fourth in the final. The big surprise came when H. B. (Bings) Desmond, representing the University of Chicago, suffered a double defeat. On Friday Desmond ran in the long distance medley relay, finishing second to Val Wilkie of Yale in the first quarter mile leg. The next day Desmond was beaten by Moore of Princeton and Overton of Yale in the first leg of the two mile relay. His team mates finished in second place.

W. R. Granger, competing for Dartmouth in the two mile relay, ran a good race, but could not regain the ground lost by his team mates.

Roy Morse, "Bunk" Jones, Peter White and John Bonaparte will travel to Princeton on May 1 to compete in the annual Princeton games.

The Salem-Crescent A. C. will hold their annual meet on Saturday, June 26, 1915, at Lenox Oval. This is expected to be a gala affair.

Entries for the "Evening Mail Modified Marathon" will close this week. Francis of "The Mail" has promised to put up an incentive for colored athletes in 1916 if they evidence enough interest in this year's marathon. The Salem-Crescent A. C., St Christopher A. C. and the Spartan E. C. are expected to be well represented.

SOLOMON BUTLER STARS AT INTER-SCHOLASTIC

Speedy Youth from Rock Island High School Places His Team in Second Place with North Central High of Seattle, Wash.

BOYS TIED FOR HONORS.

Loses in the Hundred to the Joy of the Local Sporting Writers, But Comes Back and Takes Pearson into Camp in the 2:20.

The greatest interscholastic games that have ever been held in this section of the country were held last Saturday at Stagg Field under the auspices of the University of Chicago. It attracted over 500 of the greatest and fastest young athletes in the country and among them two came out as shining stars. One was expected to and the other was an unknown quantity. But the unexpected that happens is what makes these athletic games so keen and so popular. Sol Butler, the speedy youth from Rock Island High, down the state, and Evan Pearson of North Central High, Spokane, Washington, vied for honors and although Pearson surprised everyone by defeating Butler in the finals of the hundred yard dash by about three inches in a wonderful spurt, Butler handed the dose right back to him in the finals of the two-twenty when he showed the far westerner that things weren't going to be so rosy. They both tied for individual honors by getting thirteen points and each placed his school in a tie for second honors by so doing. Sol took second in the hundred and, in the broad jump and won the two-twenty while Pearson won the hundred and took second in the two-twenty and the four-forty. There were fifty-five schools entered and the remrakable part was that Butler along with his opponent, each individually placed their schools in second place. Many think that it was that Butler underestimated the speed of Pearson otherwise he would have won for the time was ten and one-fifth while Butler has done nine and four-fifths in the century.

Butler was the guest of Binga Dismond Saturday evening and it is very likely that he may change his mind and come to the Midway institution since Dismond has received such fine treatment and has easily made the team, coupled with the fact that the Maroons have another colored man, Lee, on the track team.

MAROON HALF-MILE TEAM LOWERS THE WORLDS RECORD

Binga Dismond, Barincik, Ward and Knight Give Fans Fine Exhibition of Running—Dismond to Enter Tryout for Frisco Fair.

Notwithstanding the fact that the track was not in perfect condition the Maroon half-mile relay team, composed of Dismond, Barincik, Ward and Knight, gave the fans an exhibition of running at the interscholastic games when they ran against time and lowered the world's record for the distance, making it in 1:29 2-5. The former record was held by the same quartet made at the Missouri games this spring in 1:29 3-5. Dismond will enter the tryout for the Frisco fair to be held at Marshall Field and also the A. A. U. Central games to be held there, too, on the 17th of July.

University of Chicago athletic board will be asked to pass on the sending of a team of alumni track stars—graduates who received degrees yesterday—and record breaking athletes still in the university to compete in track and field games at the Panama-Pacific fair games Aug. 6 and 7. The proposition will be introduced at the next meeting of the board, which is the sporting court of last resort at the Midway.

In the opinion of Director Stagg the formation of a University of Chicago alumni athletic club under whose colors Chicago athletes may continue to compete for the Maroon is likely to result from the trip, if authorized. The plan was hatched at the annual banquet of the "Order of the C," composed of Chicago's emblem winners.

"From the way the C men talked they decidedly favored the plan," said Director Stagg. "The University of Chicago relay team could enter the games at San Francisco, just the same as Princeton. Of course, some of our men have graduated, but so have some of the Princeton runners.

"In 1900 we sent a team to the Olympic games as a University of Chicago team. Some of these men were alumni. There would be no conference ruling against the competition of men at present in school with newly graduated track men, and even former stars like Blair and Lightbody."

Philadelphia Public Ledger

6, April 1915

White Man and Black

HAPPILY the progress of the colored race in America and the overworking of its industrial and social salvation do not depend upon delirious popular interest in a pugilistic carnival. The real leadership does not rest with the most eminent exponents of fistic prowess, but with the devoted, patient, year-after-year endeavor of such a man as Booker Washington to direct his people to the useful and profitable development of their capacities.

The mischief of the contest of the roped ring which has focussed the world's attention is that it emphasizes an antagonism which does not exist except when it is in such ways as this artificially created and fomented. The talk of a "White Hope" has implied the danger of undue presumption on the part of the colored race in case "Jack" Johnson continued to hold the championship. The Black Peril, in the minds of certain timorous folk, has superseded the yellow. They hail the victory of Willard with a sense of relief, as the final disposition of the bogey of some menacing ebony Colossus that has terrified their dreams.

The victory of Willard does not establish anything except the fact that no champion is unconquerable, and the man who keeps himself fit, presupposing a mental and physical parity, has the best chance to win in the prize-ring as anywhere else. "Jack" Johnson had grown careless upon victory. Undefeated, he came to think himself infallible, and lived as he pleased. His muscles grew flabby and his wind was short. A life of self-indulgence made it impossible for him to "come back" and to undergo the grueling regimen of spare diet and hard work that is the portion of the modern gladiator. He is a dethroned idol, and the crowd transfers its allegiance to the new champion. The moving-picture men are happy because the fight was sufficiently protracted to assure rich profits from the exhibition of the films.

The result confirms the accuracy of Mr. Rocap, the sporting editor of the PUBLIC LEDGER, in a prediction that brought upon him Johnson's displeasure, when he said that Johnson's condition was such that without a surprising reversal of form he could not win. Johnson carried 13 of the 26 rounds, and Willard but 5. Yet when the supreme test came the stamina of the white man told, and in the final rounds the tide of battle turned. It was a victory of pluck and physical hardihood and skill, of training for months with a single end in view, and of devoted pertinacity worthy of employment in a better cause. It is to be hoped that this is the last pugilistic encounter to emphasize racial animosities and to make it appear that the white race and the black are, by nature and heredity, foemen.

BINGA DISMOND PULLS TENDON IN THE "220"

Finishes Second on His Nerve, One Inch Behind His Teammate, Ward, in the Illinois-Chicago Track Meet.

DISMOND DISQUALIFIED.

Action of Judges Causes Storm of Protest from Stagg and the Student Body—Dismond Out of Conference Meet Next Month.

Binga Dismond hurt himself last Saturday and the injury probably will keep him out of the conference games to be held next month—also off the track for some little time. He pulled a tendon in the 220 about fifty yards from the tape, and one pure grit and nerve he finished second only an inch behind his teammate, Ward. Nobody thought Stagg would enter Dismond in this event. The injury proved a drawback to him, and he was advised not to enter the quarter, but he insisted he would and could go. In this event some of the most clever bits of jockeying that have ever been seen in the West were pulled off. Goletz, formerly of Oak Park, was trimmed by Gill of Illinois for this race. Corwall and Breathed, both maroon men were in the lead, and O'Meara of the orange-and-blue squad was pressing closely on the turn.

Dismond Uses Headwork.

Binga, who had been running on the outside, suddenly shot in front of the down-staters. O'Meara tried to pass Dismond, but the latter, seeing that he could not win and that Cornwall and Breathed were safe if he could handle O'Meara, did so. The orange-and-blue man was pocketed and so neatly was it done that it drew the applause from the maroon rooters.

This drew the ire of one of the officials, and it was claimed that Dismond had elbowed O'Meara in passing him. A lengthy argument ensued. Stagg defended Dismond fearlessly. Dismond had blocked the orange-and-blue runner, but had not touched him. The judges, however, gave O'Meara third place and disqualified Dismond. This caused a storm of protest from both the student body and track team.

SMITH STARS AGAINST THE WOLVERINES

M. A. C. Tackle Helps Humble Yost's Machine—Michigan Is Prejudiced—Smith Carried on Shoulders of White Teammates as 10,000 Michigan Rooters Look On.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Oct. 29.—Gideon Smith, star tackle for the Michigan Agricultural School, was a shining light in the defeat of the Michigan University game last Saturday on Perry Field. This is the second time in ten years that Yost's machine has been humbled by this school. Both times Smith has played an important part. It wasn't the Michigan "U" bank that played Victory that afternoon. Instead it was the schoolmates of Smith. The Detroit Free Press says: "Smith, the big tackle, was far and away the best man in the game. As a football player he is pure gold all the way through. The Aggie forwards outcharged their foemen, outfought them and outguessed them. The play was almost entirely in Michigan's part of the field and within the shadows of the goal posts. The Aggies furnished the thrills and did everything else worth mentioning. When it came to the defense Smith was there. The score card shows there was only one Smith in the game, and to the spectators it seemed as though there were twenty of his kind right on the heels of the Michigan plays. Not only did Smith pulverize the Michigan defense, but he carried the ball on several occasions and got away for good gains. Twenty-four to nothing is an awful beating. In the first quarter after the touchdown, after the ball had been brought back to the 25-yard line Blacklock raced 35 yards around Benton. On a famous tackle play Smith hit the line for four yards. He was again called and hit it for four more as the Lansing section went wild with frenzy. In the second quarter Maulbetsch bowled Smith over for six yards, but on the next two plays the big tackle broke through and spilled the Dutchman with a loss. Miller caught the punt on the 25-yard line and was downed, when after a few tries Michigan was forced to kick. Miller hit the line for one yard. Then Smith hit it for eight more. All through the play some of the best gains were made when Smith opened up large holes for the green and white players to go through."

FOOTBALL STARS WITH EASTERN SCHOOL

Lads Who Are Making Good on the Gridiron—Race Well Represented at Tufts College—Shelburn at Dartmouth.

This year we see a galaxy of race men making good on eastern school teams and it gives us the honor of presenting for the first time in this section of the country a bunch of boys who have not only had the courage to play football, but to go out and make the team along with their white brothers. Tufts College has two stars in Bill Brown of Boston, Mass., and Morrison of Everett. Morrison was a tackle at Everett high last year, playing along with Charley Brickley's brother. He was a shining star in the Everett-Oak Park high of Chicago game, and when the all-interscholastic team was chosen he was mentioned at tackle by every Boston newspaper. Kendall, the former Fiske University star, is at end for the Springfield Y. M. C. A. College and as this is his first year there we may hear from him again. Pollard, the former Lane high school star, we know has more than held his own at Brown. His work was right along with that of Andrews, the Hill school captain. Brickley in picking his all-American teams failed to place Fred, owing to the fact that Brown lost three games through no fault of the fleet little halfback, but it has a tendency to take away the value of individual stars. However, Brickley mentions Pollard. If anybody knows a good halfback, Charley Brickley should. Again, Walter Camp comes through with a mention of Pollard. Ernie Martin, the former Latin high school star, is now playing at Colby Academy.

Pollard was always in the limelight. Had Brown defeated Harvard he would have made the second all-American. Pollard and Morrison haven't missed a tackle this year. Harold Martin, halfback of Englewood high, Boston, dropped back from the 25-yard line and booted a goal from field, beating Boston Commerce high. Bird Crudup played for Rindge Technical high. Saunders, playing halfback for Cambridge Latin school intercepted a forward pass and ran sixty-five yards for a touchdown against the Latin school. With Saunders are Hobart and Jenkins, all three playing in the back field. Otis Galloway is on the English high school eleven. Johnny Shelburn has entered Dartmouth and made the freshman team. Looks like another Pollard or a Johnson at the Hanover school.

HOWARD P. DREW WILL NOT VISIT THE EAST THIS SUMMER

(Special to the Chicago Defender.)

Los Angeles, Cal., May 19.—The many friends of Howard P. Drew of the University of Southern California, the world's champion sprinter, will regret to learn that he will not participate in any of the eastern events this summer. Announcement that he would not go east this summer was made today. After the close of the college term he will work for the Southern Pacific Railroad at Oakland just across the bay from the San Francisco exposition grounds.

COLORED ATHLETES WIN.

(BY TOM CLEMENT).

At the annual Rose Tournament, track and field meet held at Pasadena, Cal., New Year's Day, were gathered some 150,000 souls from all parts of the great West. They came by special trains, overloaded electric cars and crowded automobiles as well as auto-trucks specially fitted up to help take care of the uncommon human traffic. They gathered to see the greatest floral and athletic events in the history of sunny California.

One hundred and fifty-six athletes competed, of which nine were Negroes. The colored boys took eight first and two second prizes, including trial heats. Howard Drew took part in five events and broke the tape in first place in each event.

The athletic events proved the most interesting and thrilling of the day. Two world's champions were heralded by the megaphone man as they appeared for their respective events—Fred Kelly, the hurdler, and Howard Drew, the sprinter, both of the University of Southern California. Drew was seen in action five times, each time breaking the tape a winner. To use a coast phrase, this great Negro has "sure got 'em." In the 220 sprint he rambled down the lanes lazily, looking across at the more thrilling finish of the chariot race, which was being staged at the same time, or he might have been watching Borgstrom, who about that time was clearing the pole at a twelve-foot attitude. And it was a shame the way he took the century, his favorite distance. Romping along at a ten-second clip, he appeared to be trying to catch the eye of the peanut man over in the grand stand.

But Drew was not the only Negro there to swell the pride of the colored folk. There was H. Johnson, also from the U. of S. C., who finished second to Drew in the 100-yard dash and was no farther behind him in the 220. Then there was Brashear, from the Whittier State College, who won his trial heat but unfortunately bowed a tendon in the final of the open 100 trying to speak to Drew. The final of the hundred yards for high schools of the State was also won by a colored boy, Paschal, of Los Angeles.

Drew added two silver loving cups nd a gold medal to his list of trophies yesterday.

PRINCE GEORGE HOTEL REFUSES NEGRO ATHLETE.

The colored question in the New York hotels manifested itself very strongly last week when the Prince George Hotel, one of the leading hotels in this city, openly discriminated against Lorenzo Lapsley, the crack Negro athlete with the University of Michigan track team. The University of Michigan Track Team arrived in the city late Saturday from Philadelphia, where the team competed in the intercollegiate meet in which over twenty-seven colleges competed. Lapsley represented his team in Philadelphia. When the team arrived in the city it immediately sought accommodations at the Prince George Hotel, but when it was learned that a colored member was with the team, the management promptly informed him that he could not be accommodated at the hotel, and the hotel refused to take colored guests.

The members of the team were highly indignant over the treatment of their colored member, and said that it was the first time that Lapsley was refused accommodation with the rest of the team. In Philadelphia he was accommodated with the rest of the team at one of the leading hotels in Philadelphia.

Lapsley is one of the star athletes of the University of Michigan and is well thought if by members of his class. He arrived at the Y. M. C. A. last Saturday night at midnight and told his experiences to a group of young men who were present at the association when he arrived. He was accommodated at the Y. M. C. A. Lapsley is from Portland, Oregon, and after graduating from the public schools of that city, he entered the University High School at Chicago, Illinois. he entered the University of Michigan, from which he will graduate next June. Your correspondent will make an investigation of this affair just as soon as he can get around to it.

SHORT SKETCHES OF BIG FIGHTERS.

JESS WILLARD.

Born in Pottawatomie county, Kansas, December 29, 1887.
Father a ranchman.
Is the youngest of three brothers. No sisters.
Father a native of Ohio; mother from Kentucky.
Never fought a preliminary.
First fight at Sapulpa, Okla., in 1911.
Broke broncho until he became too heavy.
Is 6 feet 6 inches; weight 230.
Wears 17 shoe.
Can run 100 yards in 10.
Is expert swimmer.
Crack rifle and pistol shot.
Never knocked down.
Never groggy from punch.
Never drank, smoked, or chewed.

JACK JOHNSON.

Born in Galveston, Tex., March 31, 1878.
Son of southern slaves.
Knocked out only once in his life, Joe Choynski turning the trick in February, 1901.
Has participated in 77 fights.
Won the championship from Tommy Burns in 14 rounds at Sydney, Australia, in 1808.
Knocked out Jim Jeffries in 15 rounds at Reno, Nev., in 1910. Largest purse fought for, $101,000, with Jeffries. Johnson received 60 per cent. $60,600; a bonus of $10,000 and $50,000 for the picture privileges; total, $120,600.

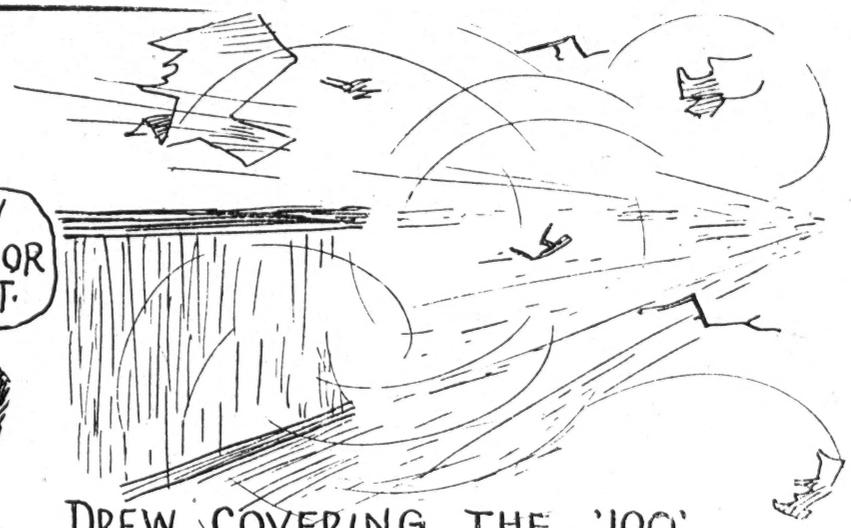
Sports – 1915

COLORED ATHLETES ARE GIVING GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES IN TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS AND GIVE PROMISE OF MAKING AS GOOD A RECORD THERE AS THEY HAVE MADE IN THE PRIZE RING.

BINGA DESMOND IS CAUSING BRER RABBIT A LOT OF WORRY SINCE HE HUNG UP A MARK OF 48 3/5 SECS. FOR 440 YDS

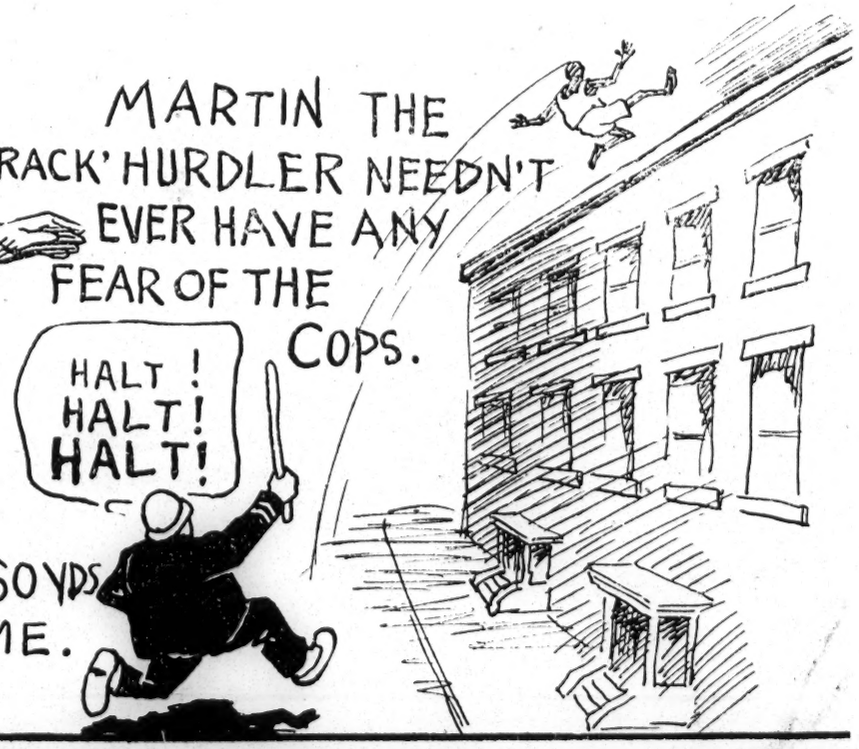
INTRODUCING 'BUNK' JONES WINNER OF THE 'MET' JUNIOR 100YD DASH IN 10 2/5 SECONDS

RAVENELL COVERING 60YDS IN RECORD TIME.



DREW COVERING THE '100' IN 9 SECONDS.

MARTIN THE 'CRACK' HURDLER NEEDN'T EVER HAVE ANY FEAR OF THE COPS.



Andrew (Rube) Foster, His Family and His Home

By Tony Langston, Staff Photographer.

Andrew (Rube) Foster, World's Greatest Pitcher and Manager of the Famous American Giants, planning the 1915 Spring trip in his office at his home. The center picture is that of his home, 3242 Vernon Avenue. The lady in the picture is Mrs. Foster, his wife, and the bright looking little boy is "Rube" Foster, Jr.

THE FALL OF OUR CHAMPION.

FLASHED OVER THE WIRES to all the world last Monday came the news that the world's heavyweight championship title had changed hands. Never before in the history of the pugilistic world has there been so much interest taken in such an affair. In this and other countries not affected by the European war, the battle has occupied the minds of the people and the columns of the press for weeks. "Can the 'white hope' wrest from the black man the laurels he so justly won?" was the ever present question. The great day came and they were victorious, youth and endurance triumphed over age and skill. It was a BATTLE ROYAL, one the LOSER CAN BE AS PROUD OF AS THE WINNER. Whether it was fixed or on the square only time will tell, today we take it for granted that the best man won and doff our hats gracefully to Jess Willard. What is said pro or con about the fight now matters little; what the effect will be matters much. Jack Johnson, the man acknowledged EVEN TODAY to be THE GREATEST MAN IN THE RING from every point of view, the world has ever seen, has had every discouragement that man is heir to, come his way. He faced his opponent in the ring as one lone man against the world, that together with his mix-up with the federal authorities would be enough to upset any ordinary man, and yet he faced it all bravely and did the best he could under the circumstances. Whenever the PRESS took occasion to mention him—and they did often—it was always in a SLURRING MANNER. He was held up as a shining example of our race, his white wife was flaunted to insure more prejudice, sayings were put into his mouth that he never uttered, scores of leeches hounded him for his money, persecution took the place of prosecution in many instances. His shortcomings were magnified a thousand times and the entire race suffered in consequence. Hostile legislation was either proposed or enacted in numerous states, and only by the saner element coming to the front was a quietus put on such unjust measures. And all of this came because WE HAD SOMETHING THAT THE WHITE MAN COULD NOT LEGITIMATELY GET WITHOUT PROVING HIS WORTH. We had something that with all the boasted civilization and cunning behind them they could not attain. It was a sore spot in their lives and every time a black face appeared on the scene it all came back to them, and not being big and broad showed their petty jealousy by stooping to do things unworthy a savage. This is one of the reasons why we as a RACE TAKE THE DEFEAT OF JACK JOHNSON CALMLY AND COOLLY. Arguing, we trust rightly, if the irritating cause be removed we can expect a healing of the public's conscience and a better and more friendly feeling between the races. If all of this can come about through the pugilistic downfall of one man we can take our champion's defeat philosophically and pray that it had come sooner.